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THE BRITISH WORKMAN

AND FRIEND OF THE SONS OF TOIL.
1868



DEDICATED TO
THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES

BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND THE EDITOR.

H. ANGLY.



OUR LIT. SUGGER
US WHO ARE OF THE DAY BE



THE LABORER TO LIFE
OF THE RIGHTEOUS TENDENCY



HAPPY IS WISDOM
THE MAN THAT FINDETH



HIS TENDER HIS WORKS
MERCIES ARE OVER ALL



LIVE ASH BORN
PEACEABLY WITH



GREAT PEACE WHY LAW
HAVE THEY THAT LAWS

THE J. F. C.
HARRISON

COLLECTION OF
NINETEENTH CENTURY
BRITISH SOCIAL HISTORY

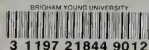
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THOMAS TROTTON, THE MUSICAL SMALLCOAL MAN.

became steady," said Janet. "Became steady!" repeated the sorrowful wife. "Ah, Mrs. Ray, I've given you my word."

"You needn't give up hoping if you haven't given up praying," said Janet, laying her hand kindly on poor Kate's. "Remember the woman in Scripture, who was so long ago made of the seed of her importunity, because she wouldn't give over asking."

"Yes; but when one keeps on praying year after year, and no answer comes, one begins to grow tired and less sure."

"No, no; don't lose faith, Kate, though the answer is ever so long in coming. 'Praying-breath is never spent in vain,' you know. When I years ago was waiting for my dear little blessing for my boy I said, 'don't come at last! I'm sure you mustn't give up hoping.' Mrs. Chapman's only reply was a burst of tears. Janet allowed her to weep quietly for some time, then she said, "Well, Kate, speak to your husband of what I've said. Maybe he'll give it a thought, and it may wake up some good resolutions in him."

Mrs. Chapman promised, at the same time repeating that she thought it was "no good hoping." She walked sorrowfully homeward, and unexpectedly found her husband there. He had just dropped in for his spade, having succeeded in getting a bit of work.

"Where's Charlie?" he asked.

"Working at Mrs. Ray's. I've just been along there, and she's been talking about her dear brother of hers, always used to let it be somebody that would keep it as it now, and always has been. I think it looks just as well as it did when old John was alive; our Charlie's a capital hand at gardening."

"It's a pity he don't try his hand a little more on this; it looks anything but first-rate."

"Poor Alfred does his best," said Mrs. Chapman. "Our Charlie helps as much as he can. It would never do for him to give up Mrs. Ray's for this. We should be without bread again, as we used to be." She paused a minute, for she saw the expression of her husband's face change at those plain words. She could depend upon anything like that taking some effect upon him when he was sober, as at the present moment. For a time there was no sound, but the chirruping of a bird in the open air, above the garden, broke the silence. "Mrs. Ray was saying that she don't know anyone she'd sooner let the ground to, than us. She thinks with proper care and regular watering, and if you and the boys might make a very good thing of it with our own piece, too. You see our Charlie knows her connexion, and is used to the place. It's an offer that hundreds would jump at."

"I don't believe she'd like me to have it," groaned Chapman. "I know she hates me like poison, and thinks me a scamp and all manner of things. She's as good as said so many a time in these meetings, and she takes good care never to get within reach of her tongue now."

"Indeed I know she doesn't," replied Kate. "She's only so sorry, James, to think that you won't try to be better, and give up the drink. She knows that you might as well off and happy if it wasn't for that, and we might be as comfortable as anybody." Here she fairly broke down, and turned away weeping. Chapman was greatly moved by the scene, and the words of the woman. He felt troubled by his wife's distress, and as he was sober just then he felt something like a faint desire to turn round and become a better man, and ready to do anything for his ground; but before long he found his way to a public-house, and there the faint desire entirely died away; and the days passed wearily until winter was revived at last.

The cold winter weather rapidly set in. Alfred tried to make his truck look as business as possible every morning, though the stock of things with which he set out for the purpose of selling on his customers' doors was small, and the announcement soon came. One dull and lowering morning, early in December, Alfred had just arranged his wares on the noisy old truck, and was trying to look up the spirit of the dull morning, was walking his father good-bye, when his father appeared saying, "My as well go round with you to-day. I've nothing else to do."

His father's countenance fell, and all spirit seemed to have hung round him, and he looked at the truck, and the pushing it seemed almost too great a cost for him. His father put out no help on his hand, but walked alongside with his hands in his pockets. Mr. Chapman was filled with tears as he stood to watch the departure; and she turned away sighing. "The poor lad's work will go for nothing to-day!"

Some distance along the road, and within a stone's throw of Janet Ray's house, there was an old man, with a very likely shaven head, said "Pull up here for a minute."

"No, father, don't go in!" said Alfred, in a voice of entreaty. "Don't let us stop. See it beginning to rain; very likely shall have rain for my day. Shall I hurry on by myself, father?"

"No; you just bid there till I come out; and don't make any bother about a drop of rain. You said you were sugar, and you are."

With this he said a few more words of the man, and turned into the inn. Alfred looked the picture of dejection; and had it not been for passers-by, he would certainly have burst into tears. He was now warmly clothed, and the cold wind drove the rain, which was beginning to fall in good earnest, pitilessly against him, till it seemed almost to freeze the blood in his veins. How courageously he would have trudged along through it all, for his mother's sake, had he been free that morning!

Once or twice he walked to the inn-door, looking at his poor number fingers, and stamping his feet, looking anxiously for his father; but he did not come. Then he stood on the lee-side of his truck to get sheltered as much as possible. From the inn he saw in his father's house. He thought of her, and of many kind words and acts to him; he thought of the peace, and warmth, and comfort of her house, and of the cheerless one where his poor mother dragged her weary existence. He would have liked to let it be as he had that way a person went to Janet's door, and having been spoken to, turned away. Old Janet, who had answered the door, before returning in, took a peep out and saw along the street. She perceived Alfred standing out in the cold rain before the inn, and she beckoned to him. He shook his head miserably, as much as to say he could go, but would if he could.

She at once guessed her mother's story, and returning to her warm room, she took her stand at the window, intending to step Mr. Chapman as he passed her house.

A quiet scene was passed by. It seemed a long time to her, yet not nearly so long as it seemed to the poor little lad who stood anxiously watching and waiting outside the inn, his clothes all wet, and his heart all aching. Then Mrs. Chapman made his appearance, and without a single remark about the inclement weather, or his boy's condition, bade him, "step up and hurry on; they hurried on a few yards and then a voice arrested him."

"Please to step in a minute, neighbor," cried old Janet, "and the lad, too. The cart won't hurt in the rain; but certainly it isn't right for the child to be getting wet through. What a shame it seems an age since I saw you, Mr. Chapman," she added, as they entered, and she closed the door behind them; "and I've been looking for you for these many days that I spoke to your wife about letting my ground."

"I haven't thought at all about it yet," said Chapman, feeling rather ill-at-ease. "I shouldn't like to get anything else on my hands just now."

"Why not?" said Janet, briskly, after setting Alfred before the fire to try his clothes.

"You've got loads of time to attend to even a husband and wife, and I've no leisure. I've the strength, and two handy willing boys to help you. The fact is, you've far more greatly blessed than most what you are, Mr. Chapman. There's no one else in the neighborhood who has the most well-to-do mode in the place, and I know the wares and ground of your very own by-and-by; nothing, but one thing, neighbor; you know well that is, we've talked together about it before now."

"Yes, yes, I know," answered Chapman uneasily. "Well, we must be getting on."

"Wait a minute," said Janet, laying her hand on his shoulder. "I don't like to see your wife's sake as well as your own. I'd do anything in the world to help you to a different and better state of living. You know I can remember the time when I was as happy and comfortable as I want to see you in, before I did, and I can help you on, if I can. But it's all no use unless you try to help yourself; it depends upon your own money than upon anybody else. It gives my heart some rest, and I can give you more money and comfort upon that which satisfies not. Why should you do it? It seems madness. Now do just ask God's grace to help you to take it as an begin in a new way."

There was no mistaking old Janet's earnestness. She spoke with tears of deep feeling in her eyes; and her spectacles became so dim that she was obliged to wipe them with her hand. She did not reply, she added, "Now, will you?"

"I don't know; it seems so sort of use, Mrs. Ray," he replied. "I've tried once and again

to give up the drink, as my misis knows. But somehow it always gets over me at last."

"That's because you're not strong enough to resist the temptation. Of course it's easy enough to keep in the right way as long as there's nothing or no one by to tempt us; but, when there is, that's just the time when we're most liable to fail. Whether we've got any energy or strength to pull through. Temptations are too much for us sometimes, though: I know that well enough; and so we try to overcome in our own strength. We must be sure to give us strength equal to our trial of trial and temptation, and will, if we wish Him for. We won't be afraid of falling back into the mire when He has raised us up, if we walk in dependence upon Him, for you know what the Bible says: 'He is able to keep you from falling.'"

"Yes, yes; well, we must go now. Good morning, Mrs. Ray."

Janet did not detain him again, but answered "good morning," opened the door for them, and stroked Alfred's hair kindly as he passed out. She watched them down the garden, and then turned away with a silent prayer that Chapman might seek grace from that hour to begin a new life.

He and Alfred resumed their onward walk in silence. Presently the lad said, "We shall be quite late at our tea to-day, father. You won't turn in anywhere else, will you? Let us take every farthing home to-day, father!"

The father had not sufficient confidence in himself to answer. Since his father gave him "Humph!" He knew that as soon as he neared some of his old haunts he would feel dreadfully tempted to go in. Nevertheless he said, "I don't care to go in; I'll pass them all by, and the wick was a little bit in the right direction. There was quite a struggle going on within him, as they entered the town. In passing the first public-house, poor little Alfred looked very anxious. Since his father gave him answer to his last earnest question, he felt very little hope. He did not speak now, but trudged along through the rain, pushing the truck manfully, and could hardly pass them all by.

His father passed it by! Alfred's heart felt big with thankfulness, and he turned a glad face to his father. But the father did not see it. He walked along quite quietly, and his eyes were fixed on the ground. The lad knew what was going on within him, and what a struggle he had had to pass that inn. Once, he seemed about to yield to the temptation; then old Janet's words came back to him, and some other words which were in his long-neglected Bible. "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Perhaps it was this which this last word he might put himself out of the way of ever listening to another. He felt that that moment must decide his future course. Should he give in to temptation, or should he make a bold brave step, and try the right road, as thousands had done before, and begin a new life? Hope was weak, his will was weak, but his desire was strong. He called to mind Janet's words, "God can always give us strength equal to our day of trial and temptation, if we ask Him for it." And there, as he strode along through the cold rain, the first earnest prayer that he had ever made came into his heart. "Lord, help me, save me!"

"Lord, help me, save me!" After that his heart seemed somehow lightened of its heavy weight. A strange, new peaceful feeling took possession of him, and now, instead of having a misery to pull against, he turned into the public-houses, a horror and dread of them was uppermost. He longed to get home for that day, out of sight of them. Alfred wondered with all his heart how the good old man was passed by, and when, having said all their stock, they turned their faces homeward, he could scarcely believe that his father was about to return home. He felt as if he were walking on air. They reached the garden-gate, Mr. Chapman said he would put the truck away, and he hale Alfred in and get his wet things changed. The boy ran in eagerly, more for the sake of getting his mother the good news of changing his clothes. She heard it with a beating heart, but it did not gladden her very much; she had hoped and been disappointed so many times before that she would never have been able to hope again.

There was a happy party in the humble little cottage that evening, though the cold rain beat pitilessly against the windows. Instead of having a miserable old man to tell the story for the father's staggering footsteps, there was in the midst of the family, sitting in the chimney nook, making pleasure for them. Al, with his mother, and the boy, and the girl, and the conversational, compared to the elevating pleasures of "our sin friends!"

The taste of friends-joy that Mr. Chapman

and that evening struggled him in his hope and he was to his father and his home restored to his family. When they were all together, the children were gone to bed, he had a long talk with his poor, worn wife, telling her of old Janet, and of his own desires really to turn round and become a better man, and ready to do anything for his ground; but before long he found his way to a public-house, and there the faint desire entirely died away; and the days passed wearily until winter was revived at last.

For the next few days he kept close to home, working in his own garden, and doing a bit of old Janet's. How delighted and thankful was she to see his altered conduct! The story of his struggles he had with himself and with his circumstances, and more than once said to him "I'll have the power I'd do a deal to help you, Mr. Chapman; but I'm not a poor old woman."

Mr. Chapman thanked her. He did not want any help: he felt that he would rather work himself to supply all the wants of his family; yet he had a hard struggle to keep up; at sometimes seemed as though all things were against him.

Nevertheless he did not lose heart. He was learning to trust in God for blessings to follow his own utmost endeavors to get on. And oftentimes the Father's blessing him, and strengthening and comforting messages, as he sat in the house of God with his family, after the trials and efforts of the working-days, that he felt even stronger in his own strength, and more of the needy. Well was it for him that he did not depend upon his own strength to press on in the new way, or when difficulties and temptations crossed upon him, he was surely have fallen.

Christmas was approaching them very cheerily. They had made a little preparation for celebrating the season, save in putting up evergreen decorations about the house. Their funds were so low that the customary Christmas cheer was almost out of the question. Yet, for the children's sakes, Mrs. Chapman did what she could to make them realize that it was Christmas; and she did it in a very simple way.

"Keep Christmas first next year!" Though, as he said the words, he felt some misgiving; his prospects were so dark just then, that he felt that he could not give his children any hope. His wife was wavering for a moment. No sooner had he uttered those cheerful words to the young folks than his depression increased just in proportion as their pleasant anticipations of the new year were so low. He said to himself, "This was Christmas morning. 'That was something of a promise, yet I have not the least prospect of being able to fulfil it. See how the children get on during the few weeks,' he mentally continued, "and after all what a Christmas we've got. Things were scarcely more last year, when I let everything take for granted, and didn't think of them. I had thoughts and suggestions came to his mind, as if uttered aloud by the tempter. It was a trying moment for him. His reverie was cut short by a sudden knock at the door.

Mrs. Chapman, who had been watching his drooping air with some little concern, immediately responded to it.

"Good morning, Kate! A happy Christmas to you and the children. I'm sure, I can't come in, unless we can both come."

"Both?" cried the children, who had clustered about the door as soon as they heard old Janet's voice.

"Come both," said Mrs. Chapman, laughing. "You cannot bring in any dirt of such kind from ground, and if you do, never mind."

"So in walked old Janet, and Gipsy!"

"How the children get on during the few weeks?" said how Mr. Chapman rose up wondering and smiling; and how Gipsy picked up his ears and looked up into his father's eyes, as if he were listening to him, and much more.

"Well, here we are!" she said, sinking down on a chair, and still holding Gipsy's bridle. "I brought Gipsy, and I brought this, a happy Christmas to you and for me."

"How in the world do you mean to do that?" asked Mrs. Chapman, astonished.

"By letting Gipsy change owners," said old Janet, looking at Mrs. Chapman with a good hand. "He did so, and, putting the bridle into it, old Janet continued, 'There, now I want you to promise me that you will be as good to him as I have been to you. I have been so merciful to his heart, the Bible says. So I want you, seeing that now, like my John did, you are striving to walk in the way of righteousness. I want you to be as good to him as I have been to you. I can't do what I would for you, neighbor, so I'll just do what I can; and may my Christmas gift prove a help and blessing to you!'"



BACON, THE GREAT SCULPTOR; OR, PIETY AND GENIUS COMBINED.



THE OILED FEATHER.



Sergeant Brett, of Manchester, who was shot on the 13th Sept., 1867.

From a photograph by Mr. J. EANTHAM, of Manchester.

SERGEANT BRETT.

CHARLES BRETT was born at Sutton, near Macclesfield, on the 23rd of December, 1815, and was one of four brothers, all of whom have been public servants of their country. One died in the Indian Mutiny, after twenty-three years of military service. Another died in Canada, after ten years' service there. The third is a pensioner, and has earned his pension by twenty-three years of the toils and hardships of a soldier's life. In 1846, when in his twenty-second year, Charles Brett entered the Manchester police force. His steadiness and sobriety commended him to the notice of his superiors, and in 1852, he was promoted to the rank of sergeant. Four years later he was transferred to what is called the E Division of the force, which is composed of detective officers and others employed on duties connected with the police-court. Of the tragic secrets and exciting pursuits with which detective officers are supposed to be familiar, he had no experience. His was the simpler duty of attending the prisoners of each day as they were conveyed from the various prisons and police-offices to the Court, of bringing them up for examination before the magistrate, and of conveying these convicted to the goal. In the discharge of these duties, by his punctuality, attention, and unvarying courtesy, he won the respect of his superiors, and by his kindness to the prisoners acquired a popularity even among the criminal classes. They spoke of him familiarly as "Charlie," and their familiarity had a rough affectionateness in it. He deserved their gratitude. With many a hungry prisoner he had shared his morning meal. To more he addressed words of remonstrance and sound advice, by which some of them afterwards profited.

We all know how he met his death. Although it is really so far back as the 13th of last September, it seems only as yesterday since we saw the lumbering prison-van proceeding along Hyde Road, Manchester; since we saw it arrested in its course, the horses shot, the armed conductors and defenders of the van, driven back by men armed with revolvers; since we heard the drum demand to Brett to give up the key, and the fatal shot that proclaimed that an obscure man had chosen rather to die than to fail in his duty.

The next morning the whole country was thrilled by the story of the death of Sergeant Brett, but the manner of his death, that moved us. It was felt that a hero had been unexpectedly revealed to us. That he had occupied only a humble position in life did not abate, it increased our admiration. We all felt

that the counsel for the defence afterwards expressed—"The office held by Charles Brett might be the humble one, but the humblest office becomes raised and elevated when it is animated by the faithful discharge of duty." On the day of his interment, all the route to the cemetery was lined by sympathizing spectators. The Mayor and Corporation and the Magistrates of Manchester followed the remains of their faithful servant to their last resting-place. The before unknown name of Charles Brett had acquired a national significance, and will henceforth be often admiringly uttered as that of one who knew what it was to be loyal to duty even to death.

The inquiries that were intensely and widely made concerning his character and past history increased the national lamentation over his untimely end. It was found, as perhaps might have been anticipated, that in every relation of life he had displayed the same conscientiousness which had rendered his death honourable. His widow and children bewailed his loss as that of a tender husband and loving father; and his own father, an old man now in his seventy-ninth year, told how for many years part of his son's hard-earned wages had been devoted to his support. And the clergyman of the parish in which he resided testified that in this police-officer he had had one of his most regular attendants, and attentive hearers and thoughtful contributors to every charity.

We know not what inscription has been placed upon his tomb, but no worthier epitaph could be devised for him than those which his own last words form: "*Whatever happens, I'll stick to my post to the last.*" As a Manchester constable has said, "It was not in Sergeant Brett to make heroic speeches, it is not often that fine speeches are made in these confused passionate crises of peril—but Brett was just one of those true simple-hearted men to whom the one thing impossible even to be entertained was—to give up his trust! It was his trust to keep those keys—and he kept them, and accordingly now that! Ah! it is not the one thing that we all want, everywhere, a little more of Sergeant Brett's feeling, of the giving up of his trust being the one thing that makes no circumstances whatsoever could be even thought of! Mere minute fidelity; more prompt instinctive taking of a stand for what is right and true; more soldierly obedience to our Heavenly Captain's orders! All honour, then, to that brave, simple-hearted man, who has shown us what quiet nobleness of life may be grown in the occupation of a policeman, and who has taught us such a sharp, clear, bracing lesson of stately, unobfunding faithfulness to duty!"

"CLOTHE YOUR OWN BOYS!"

In Leeds there resides a little boy about nine or ten years of age, a Sunday scholar, and a member of the "Band of Hope." Like many more children, however, he unfortunately had a drunken father. This man, formerly a member of a Christian Church, had given way to drinking, abandoned his profession, and by his constant attendance at the public-house nearly brought his family to beggary. He had been drinking hard for about six months, when, one Lord's day, the mother sent the boy to the public-house where the father was drinking to ask him to come home to his dinner. There was something in the boy's appearance that attracted the landlord's notice. He observed too that he was ragged, bare-footed and bare-legged, his trousers torn, and his shirt put hanging out. He took pity on him and asked:

"Whose lad is this?"

"The boy's father, who was seated in the room, heard the question, and said, 'He is mine.'"

"Well, said the landlord, is a pity to see a boy like this in such a ragged state, and he called out to his wife and said:

"I say, wife, come here!"

"What is the matter?"

"Why look at that boy here: is he now ragged the poor lad is: can't we do something for him?"

"Have you got a pair of cut-off trousers somewhere up-stairs, that belonged to one of our boys? Just go and see."

The wife went up-stairs and found the trousers; they were brought down and put on, and found to be a good fit.

The landlord then thought himself that there was a pair of shoes also that belonged to the same boy, and he ordered them to be fetched for the same purpose. The cut-off boots were accordingly hunted-up, and tried on like the trousers, and with similar success.

The father was delighted to see his son thus clothed at the landlord's expense. He was so delighted that, in return for such an unexpected fit of generosity, he called for another pint. The pint was tossed off with an extra relish, and then he went home to his dinner.

Arrived at home, he thus addressed his wife: "Now, Jane, I've heard thee say that we never get anything from the landlords for what we spend. Now, then, see our lad. Just look at him! The landlord's given him them clothes, and he's almost rigged anew; never say the landlords gived us nought, again!"

He then turned to the boy, and asked him how he liked the landlord's clothes!

With tears in his eyes the boy answered, "I like them very well, father; but I should have

liked them better, father, if you had bought them with your own money and they had been new ones."

The boy's answer startled the father. Every word went home to his heart. He was touched to the quick, and stood as one confounded. He declared afterwards that of his ragged looks and lectures, but had never heard anything that took hold of him before like his boy's answer. He vowed that he would, by God's help, from that hour never touch the drink again; and though some months have since passed away, he still adheres to his good resolution, and it is to be hoped that he will do so to the end of his life.

How many thousands of poor ragged lads are there who would soon have new suits of clothes, if their fathers would "go and do likewise!" What a stir it would make in the tailors' shops!



"I should have liked them better, father, if you had bought them."

PROFITABLE. A young farmer, who had made up his mind to plant orchards and young trees, abandoned his first intention and put it off for a time; but before the time came he was laid on a bed of sickness, and was never able to follow out his plan. Another young farmer, who had formed the same design did it at once of them. Both of them lived to be old men—the one lamenting his lost opportunity, and the other rejoicing in the fruitful trees which his hand had planted.—Old Humphrey.

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Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work, To speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, shewing all meekness unto all men.

TITUS III. 1, 2.

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"IT WAS ALL 'THE OILED FEATHER,' MY LADY!"

REGENERATION is that mighty change whereby a natural man is made a spiritual or a new man, and he that was a child of the devil, becomes by grace a child of God. For, as by our natural birth we are made in the likeness of fallen Adam, called "the old man," the first man; so, by this spiritual birth, we become "new creatures," spiritual men, and sons of God—in Jesus Christ, the second Adam.—*J. Fletcher.*



THE COBBLER'S BLACKBIRD.

[A Ballad, illustrating how a poor girl (from an association of ideas) was suddenly arrested in a life of sin by hearing a cobbler's blackbird sing, from the upper story of a dilapidated house in a miserable street in London, and was affected by such a deep sense of repentance, that she was induced to return immediately to her mother's house, in a village in Gloucestershire, where she lived for many years, and led a most useful and exemplary life.]

Drows in a dark and dirty street,

Beats a gin-shop door,

There stood a wretched, wretched girl,
With Jack, just come ashore.

The girl was dressed in yellow silk,
With ribbons red and blue;
Oh! she was dressed in every shade
Of every rainbow hue.

And in that dark and narrow street
The sunshine seldom came;
For what was there for it to gild,
But squalid want and shame!

One house alone there was, which like
A giant raised its head
Above the crumbling chimney-pots
And bricks, so brown and red.

And in the highest, lightest room,
Above the other din,
A busy cobbler lived, and worked
For those who lived by sin.

Where'er the sun shone on the town,
Its spires, and domes, and towers,
It oft would send its beams across
To gild his garret flowers.

His was the only, tiny room,
And dark like sin itself,
In which the sunbeams ever came,
To dance upon the wall.

The cobbler opened his window wide,
And hung his blackbird out;
And when the sun began to gleam
The bird began to shout.

The sun illumined its tiny eye,
Which seemed a fiery bead;
It hopped upon its highest perch,
And tun'd its golden reed.

And while the sailor shout'd the lass
A pretty golden ring,
And while she kiss'd him for the gift,
The bird began to sing.

She sat outside the gin-shop door,
And listened to the bird;
It seemed to tell a happy tale,
In childhood she had heard.

Jack heard the harp and tambourine,
He called her to the door;
But there she sat and listened, till
He thought her in a trance.

That bird brought home to memory
The visions of her youth;
She thought upon the happy days
Of innocence and truth.

It brought to mind the Master's voice,
Who wrote upon the floor,
And to the erring woman said,—
"Go thou, and sin no more."

Before her eyes appear'd to pass
Her native village scene,
Its groves and brooks, its fields and flowers,
The church upon the green.

She thought she heard the village bells
Salute the Sabbath morn;
She thought she heard the morning lark
Sing o'er the fields of corn.

She seem'd to see her mother's cot,
With ivy-covered eaves;
She seem'd to smell the fragrant herbs
That grew beside the doot.

She seem'd to hear her father's voice
Read from the good old book,
While sitting, on a summer eve,
Within a bushy nook.

She seem'd to hear her mother's voice
As, at her feet she knelt:
Her eyes began to fill with tears,
Her heart began to melt.

Her saddest tears fell like the rain,
Her heart was beating fast,
Before her fever'd vision flared
The future and the past.

"Oh do not weep," the sailor cried;
"Come, have a glass of gin."
"No, no, I am resolv'd," she cried,
"To quit this life of sin."

Jack heard the fiddle and the harp,
He wished to get away;
She cried, "Oh, stop awhile, and hear
That blackbird's happy lay."

"Its voice appears to call to mind,
When I was pure and good,
As, going to the Sabbath school,
I heard it in the wood.

"That blackbird is a preacher, Jack,
Whose words I understand;
My father's spirit seems to rise
And take me by the hand.

"That blackbird, Jack, has stirr'd my heart,
And pierc'd it like a knife,
And I am resolv'd to sin no more,
But lead a better life.

"I long to see my mother, Jack,
For, with a cruel blow,
I earned her flowing raven hair
As white as drifted snow.

"And I'm resolv'd to reach my home
Before my mother dies,
That she may see me penitent
Before her closing eyes."

She tore the flowers from her hair,
And flung them in the street;
She snatch'd the jewels from her neck,
And crush'd them with her feet.

She travel'd many a weary mile
Along the dusty road,
Until she reach'd, with bleeding feet,
Her mother's dear abode.

No tongue can tell how full of joy
Her aged mother felt,
When, at the bed, a penitent,
Her weeping daughter knelt.

She nurs'd her aged mother dear,
And work'd to earn her bread,
And gently clos'd her eyes in death,
And laid her with the dead.

Before she breath'd her latest breath,
She said, and sweetly said,
"God bless that pretty blackbird's voice,
Whose song restored my child."

Her daughter lived for many years,
And led a holy life,
And was an angel in the house
Of every sick man's wife.

She saw'd, and nurs'd, she read, and pray'd,
And rais'd the dying dead,
And watch'd throughout the long, lone night,
Beside the sick child's bed.

And if you search'd all Gloucestershire,
And every village round,
A nobler, purer, better soul,
There never could be found.

At last consumption seized her frame,—
(What grief the poor soul bore!)
They plac'd her 'neath the chureyard turf,
Beside a stately cin.

And there a blackbird sits and sings
Upon its highest spray,
On ev'ry springtide closing ere,
And ev'ry dawning day.

The aged pastor of the church,
Who laid her down to rest,
With heaving breast and tearful eyes
His people thus address'd:

"Full many flowers of fairest form
Rough blasts have crush'd and hurt,
We might restore, if we would stoop,
And raise them from the dirt.

"In ev'ry soul there is some good
Lies latent in the dark,
If men would only take the pains
To fan the vital spark."

Oh! erring sisters, come away
From haunts of death and sin,
For still heaven's gate is open wide,
And you may enter to.

In heaven's glades, so rich and fair,
There are no rich nor poor,
But all who come to God through Christ
Shall find an open door.

Upton St. Leonard's. H. V. J. TAYLOR.

EX-PRESIDENT JEFFERSON AND THE COOPER'S SHOP.

THE following was related by one of the parties, the late Charles Shoenaker, a well-known friend of Abington, near Philadelphia:—

During the presidency of Thomas Jefferson, two young men from Pennsylvania took a lease from him of his merchant mill at Monticello, one of the stipulations of which was that the landlord should erect for their use, within a given period, a cooper's shop. The time for meeting of Congress soon arriving, the President had to repair to Washington to attend to his official duties, where he remained a long time absorbed in national concerns; and the building of the cooper's shop was entirely forgotten by him. Not so with his tenants, whose daily wants constantly reminded them of the provisions contained in the lease; and finally they determined to erect it themselves, and charge the cost of it to their landlord. On the return of the President to his mansion, the parties met to settle a long account current, which had been running during his absence. The items were gone over and scrutinized one by one, and all were found satisfactory but the charge for building the cooper's shop, to which he objected, alleging that he could have erected it with his own workmen. Several attempts were made to effect a settlement, but they always failed when they came to the cooper's shop. The young men, who was a mild, affable, conciliating gentleman, possessing some knowledge of the world and its ways, arrived on a visit to his sons, who informed him of their difficulty with their landlord. He requested them to leave it to him, observing that he thought he could effect an amicable settlement in the case. This course was accordingly decided to, and in due time he waited on the President for the account. It was scanned and agreed to, except the charge for building the shop, which, he said, with some firmness, he should not allow for reasons stated. His opponent, observing his apparent decision on the subject, very gravely remarked:—

"Well, friend Jefferson, it has always been my practice through life, to yield rather than to contend." Immediately on this remark being made the President's chin fell on his breast for an instant, when, raising his head in an erect position, he observed in a very emphatic manner, "a very good principle, Mr. Shoenaker, and I can carry it as you can; let the account for the cooper's shop be allowed." Thus ended the difficulty, and the parties continued their friendly regard for each other till death separated them. And the contention in a similar dispute, to follow peace with all men," would terminate thousands of difficulties, and add much to the happiness of individuals, and tend to promote the general harmony and order of society. —*Friend's Cultivat.*

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A COTTAGE SCENE.

THE beauty of a jewel may be enhanced by the setting. In that noble diary of royalty, "Leaves from my Journal," we read with great delight of how a queen weaned among the discontent and woe of her subjects, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and speaking words of consolation to the sick and the mourning, striving ever, as we should strive, to lighten each other's burdens by offices of love.

As we read the diary our thoughts were carried back to the queen of bygone days,—to Maud, nicknamed "The Good," daughter of Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, and wife of Henry the First, who was so affable, pious, and humble that she condescended to relieve the poor with her own hands, and being such of these as were sick, on being reminded on one occasion for so doing, as tend unbecomingly her royal dignity, she replied, "I follow the example of my blessed Saviour, and the precepts of the Gospel. The brightest jewel in the Crown of Majesty is affability and courtesy."

We pass from good Queen Maud to the good, but unfortunate, Anne Boleyn, who provided herself each day with a purse, the contents of which were distributed entirely among the poor, when she happened to meet with proper objects, thinking no work well passed which did not afford her pleasure in the retrospect. Impressed with this conviction, she insisted that her attendants should employ their leisure in making clothes for the poor, which she took care to see properly bestowed.

The picture of Queen Anne Boleyn, seated among her ladies, fades out, and in its place comes a far different scene.

This scene is not recorded in the "Leaves," having happened long after the date of their gathering. Yet it is all the more beautiful for having occurred in the early days of her widowhood.

It is an humble cottage, standing at whose door you may look down on the blue waves of the English Channel as they break and gurggle along the shores of the Isle of Wight. Raise the latch and tread softly. Enter the little apartment. An old man, worn and aged with sickness, lies on his bed. A stout man enters the room. You look round to see whence the sound proceeds. A lady is seated close to the little curtained window, and on the table before her lies an open Bible. She is reading with a loud voice to the sufferer, and ever and anon she raises her eyes from the book to make some comment, or to inquire into the state of the sick man. The lady is plainly dressed. There is no flashing jewel, no ornament, nothing to indicate her rank, and yet she is the queen of an empire upon which the sun never sets. Her visit, one of many, to the sick chamber is cooled, and, blessing and being blessed, she passes from the cottage, and through sunshine and shadow returns to her palace at Osborne.

Splendid is the spectacle of the crowning of a monarch; thrilling is the song of *Te Deum* as it echoes and re-echoes through the solemn arches of the cathedral; and when the blessing has been asked, and the prayer has been offered up, and the crown is placed upon the royal brow, the heart, in the intensity of its emotion, almost ceases to throb. But a lover's and still grander sight is that of a queen passing unattended from her palace to the habitation of sickness and poverty to speak kind words and do kind deeds.

"She hath a tear for pity, and a hand Open as a door for mending charity."

and in the blessing of the poor she is blessed for evermore.

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"Nay, friend, thou hast deceived me once, and now, although thou mayst speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee."

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A QUAKER, passing through a market, stopped at a stall, and inquired the price of some fruit.

"I have none, I fear, sir," said the honest countryman, "that will suit you; my fruit is not first-rate this morning."

"Thank thee, friend, for thy honesty; I will go to the next stall."

"Hast thou good fruit to-day?" said he to the second dealer.

"Yes, sir, here are some of the finest of my garden. They are small, but rich of their kind."

The man was untruthful; he knew that they were not such as he could honestly recommend.

"Then, thou can recommend them?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the dealer.

"Very well, I will take some."

He carried them home, and they proved not only unselected, but miserably tasteless.

The next morning the Quaker went again to the same place. The man who had sold him the fruit, claimed him as his customer, and asked him if he would buy some more.

"Nay, friend, thou hast deceived me once, and now, although thou mayst speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee. Thy neighbour chose

to deal uprightly with me, and from henceforth I shall be his patron. Thou wouldst do well to remember this, and learn by experience that a lie is a less thing in the beginning, and a very unprofitable one in the end."



SPEAK THE TRUTH!

In the body of man one member will not lie to another: the hand will not lie in telling what it toucheth, the nose will not lie in telling what it smell, but every member is a true witness to his neighbour. And thus it is in the body politic of Government and Society, in the mys-

cal body of the Church and Christianity. Seeing that we are members one with another, every one should speak the truth to his neighbour; and such should be the care, of those especially as profess Christianity, as to lose their breath rather than to use their breath in speaking any untruth.—JEREMY.

I once asked a deaf and dumb boy, "What is truth?" He replied by thrusting his finger forward in a straight line. I then asked him, "What is falsehood?" when he made a zigzag with his finger. Try to remember this; let whoever will take a zigzag path, go on in to your course as straight as an arrow to its mark, and shrink back from falsehood as you would from a viper.—BARNABY.

Truthfulness is a corner-stone in character; and if it is not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

When Aristotle was asked what a man could gain by telling a falsehood, he replied, "Never to be credited when he speaks the truth."

It is good in a fever, much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth.

A MODEL MILL-OWNER.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE is one of the many large towns in Lancashire which owe their importance to manufacturing industry, and whose inhabitants are nearly all subjects of "King Cotton." Strangers, who visit the place, are impressed by the spaciousness of its highways and approaches, and the air of comfort and prosperity pervading it. Unhappily the public-house and the pawnshop are frequently to be seen, but their outside is also good; for few towns possess churches, chapels, mission-houses, reading-rooms, schools, and other elevating institutions, in greater proportion to the population. One of these has a world-wide renown, and is probably without a parallel. "Albion Schools" erected in 1861-2, at a cost of £11,000, is a noble building, and has been well used for the advancement of the working-classes. The good sought to be effected by all such agencies is too often neutralized by the baneful influence of comfortless dwellings; and anyone intelligently interested in the welfare of artisans and operatives looks beyond "Institutions" to the "Homes of the people."

Many mill-owners in the manufacturing districts are happily alive to the importance of providing good cottages for the hands and their families. Ashton is highly favoured in this respect. In the neighbourhood of the large cotton factory of Mr. Hugh Mason, to whose munificence and energy the new Albion schools may be chiefly ascribed, there has sprung up a district called "Oxford." Here we find streets so arranged as to give the greatest possible amount of air and "through currents," bordered on either side with wide causeways flagged with stone; also neatly-finished brick dwellings admirably

Be ye kind one to another.

EPHESIANS IV. 32.

adapted to the wants of the people; each consisting of a living-room, a kitchen, and conveniences for coal, &c., on the ground floor; two bedrooms on the floor above, and a third bedroom on an upper floor. In the basement is a small but well-ventilated sleeping cellar.

The outside walls are built *belted*, so as to exclude damp, and the partition-walls between the cottages are 9 inches thick, so as to prevent sound passing through. All chimneys are lined with glazed pipes which render the sweeping of them unnecessary. Water is laid on from the town mains to the kitchen and yard; gas is provided in each room; and every convenience which experience has shown to be necessary or desirable has been provided. To such tenants as desire it, a piece of garden-ground is allotted at a small additional rental. Doubtless the large-hearted and benevolent owner does not receive a good return for his outlay in a commercial sense; the rents of these tenements being the same as usually paid in the district; but in the improved health, habits, and morals of his work-people, he must have a rich reward.

A few years ago Mr. Mason gave proof of his care for the mental as well as the physical welfare of the inhabitants of "Oxford." He erected and furnished a reading-room and lecture-room for the free use of his operatives. These were so thoroughly appreciated, that he determined to erect larger premises, and to add thereto a complete Reading Establishment. This structure is now completed, and is to be opened on Easter Monday in this month. Its external appearance may be judged from our engraving. Internally it contains a well-lighted reading-room, 30 feet by 25 feet; a thoroughly ventilated conversational room, 25 feet by 18 feet; a lofty lecture-room capable of seating about 400 adults; a swimming-bath, 30 feet by 30 feet; nine shallow baths, and a range for the carter. Hot and cold water are supplied to each bath, and every apartment is warmed by steam-pipes.

The building stands in a square to be surrounded by similar cottages to those already named, and is within a few yards of the factory entrance. Its advantages will be for the factory hands, to whom the baths, and all other privileges are open free of charge.

We hope that the good example of Mr. Mason will be followed by many other large capitalists and employers of labour. Those who promote the erection of decent homes for the people deserve to be ranked among England's truest patriots.



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COLUMBUS EXPLAINING HIS DISCOVERY OF AMERICA TO KING FERDINAND AND QUEEN ISABELLA. DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.

EVILS OF THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

Addressed to the Working Classes.

By UGUE DAVID,
Author of "Good Servants, Good Wives, & Happy Homes."

My intercourse with the world causes me to mingle with all sorts of people, and afterwards to take the shops of dealers of various kinds. One day, while conversing with a general dealer whose customers are chiefly of the working class, I observed that scarcely any who came to purchase during the time I remained paid for the articles they bought. A little book was presented by each customer, in which the purchases were entered, and then a corresponding entry was made in the book of the shopkeeper. "This is a very troublesome way of doing business," I remarked.

"Yes," said the shopkeeper, "but the credit system has unhappily become so general that there is no carrying on business without it."

"Judging by what I have seen since I entered your shop, I conclude you must have a large amount of debts in your books."

"Yes, you will be surprised, perhaps, to learn that debts, good and bad, reach at this time the sum of £800, all owing by working men, in varying amounts from £10 to £20 each, and for which I should be very glad to receive one-half."

"This seems to be a most calamitous statement, both as regards yourself and your customers."

"Yes, to myself it is a source of daily annoyance and vexation, and to my customers the occasion of endless evil."

"But how can you carry on business while subject to such heavy losses?"

"I am obliged to put an extra profit on the articles sold, or else keep inferior goods; and as I have three months to pay for the goods I often fail to cover the losses I sustain."

But whence arises this wretched system of buying on trust?

It arises from the improvidence of my customers, whose expenditure is almost always in advance of their wages, and who consequently are constantly in arrears. The evil is also largely caused by the custom of many masters of paying their men fortnightly; or of keeping running account with them, and balancing once a month."

But how easily might this state of things be remedied by the working classes were they to exercise a little economy and foresight?"

"Undoubtedly it might; and it might naturally be supposed that a regard for their own welfare and happiness would induce this. For he who receives the per-centage they are obliged to pay for credit, and which, whatever may be said against the tradesman for charging it, is indispensable to his preservation, they often subject themselves to heavy law expenses; and they are tempted besides to all kinds of falsehood, deceit, and dishonesty, either for the purpose of running deeper into debt, or of getting themselves together. But alas! in numberless instances, impatience, thoughtlessness, and domestic mismanagement, with an utter disregard of the future, operate as a more powerful temptation, by which they are kept poor and wretched, even with the present abundance of employ, and the high rate of wages."

The evils of such a system must be very great."

"To you, as the well-known friend of the working man, I will speak candidly. I reckon that persons who adopt the *trust system* in the shop have been obliged to pay from 10 to 15 per cent. extra for all they buy; for in addition to extra profit, inferior articles, and law expenses, there is the habit of pawing which has been the cause of many a lawsuit, and put together it will be found that for the sake of credit, the working man sacrifices three shillings of every pound he earns, which if you reckon his wages at 10s. he loses 3s. 6d. a month, or nineteen pounds fifteen shillings in a year. Surely families be poor when this is the case. Surely the man who has to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow ought to be able to do so. It is an irony to say that though these consequences of the credit system are so obvious, and must be productive of so much misery to the working man, it is becoming more and more prevalent. Indeed, there are many who seem to make debts their very element. They live in it; they regard it as a necessary evil; they scarcely wish to get out of it. If at times they clear off their accounts, they instantly commence a new account, and their payment is usually a few grogs deeper into debt than before. The disease is chronic, and the patient either regards his cure as hopeless,

or he becomes so habituated to it that he ceases to feel the pressure of the evil."

"I have long seen and lamented it as one of the most serious evils that afflict society."

"You are right, but the habit of running into debt is eminently a demoralizing system. The man who indulges in it, loses by degrees the power to keep a shilling in his pocket; he soon forfeits that self-respect which is the foundation of character. By giving up the exercise of reflection and forethought, a ruinous recklessness of all consequences follows: the power of self-denial is destroyed, and the reins are thrown on the neck of self-indulgence, regardless of whatever may ensue either to himself or others."

This conversation, which was somewhat extended, caused me to leave the shop reflecting on the evils of a system which is evidently spreading, and snapping the foundations of social comfort and prosperity. It occurred to me that within the limits of a short walk there were a great number of mechanics employed in the same work who lived with their families contiguous to each other, and whose opposite habits would give increasing effect to the impression I had received, so I resolved to pay a visit to one of them. I went first to that one house, the husband and wife in company may be seen on the Saturday evening endeavouring to make their weekly markets, with money in hand, and, as they go, to the market, and to the greatest advantage; from the other the wife may be observed, from time to time, stealing out with hurried step, and at untidy hours, to do the shopping. I may here state, among the various articles which the urgency of the occasion may require in a family which lives from hand to mouth, without order or contrivance, house and clothing, and food, that when wages is received, and the same degree of comfort might be enjoyed.

On entering the house of the former, after the usual salutation, I said "Mrs. Foresight, I have just been impressed with the fact of working people habitually buying on credit, and as I know your maxim is 'to owe no man anything,' I am glad to learn how you carry this principle out."

Mrs. Foresight replied, "O, sir, it is very easy done. The difference between a workman who pays with ready money for all he buys, and one who works by credit, is that the first is small, but in another it is very great. A very small sum saved or squandered, and a very slight effort made or refused, makes all the difference between a prudent and an imprudent man. A little makes the difference, but the difference is very great. If you look round my dwelling you will see that it presents as much comfort as working men can expect; now it is the result of little savings, and little care of self-denial. My husband and I commenced life with a determination to submit to any privation rather than run in debt. He often says that the habit of getting into debt is morally wrong, and economically the most foolish of blunders:—that if he were to indulge in it he should sacrifice his independence, his peace of mind, and subject himself to a bondage which would occasion constant trouble and fear. Our object, therefore, has been always to have something in hand, and something in store. We cannot save much, but we have sought to do so, even if 'Many a little makes a mickle,' and by a steady uniform accumulation of little savings, we not only keep ahead of our expenses, but have enabled us shortly to have a house of our own. The consequence is, with cash in hand, whatever shop we enter, we are always welcome, we can buy at a cheap market, and make the best use of every penny we spend."

Scarcely had she ended, when our attention was arrested by a violent altercation at the next door. A man, I perceived, looked out from the window to see the result of the quarrel. With agitation she exclaimed, "Oh! it is bad, very bad! You know Mrs. Random, at the next door; she buys everything on trust, and now there is Sharp, the workman, who has been in the shop for years, and who has been so long in the shop, that he has become the friend of the family. I have often warned her against that man, but she wouldn't listen to advice. He goes about now, as if he were a lord, and is certainly another at times when idle wives are gossiping and their husbands at work; he carries with him a lot of sherry goods got up for sale, but which have no value at all, and he has been a most detrimental hargain, dirt cheap; then, when he has hooked his fish, he says, 'If you've no money, it's no consequence; you can have the article again, but you must give me a shilling next week until the account is discharged.' Now a woman's name, with the obligation annexed, is entered in his book; for a few weeks the shilling is paid, but not without having recourse to the pawnbroker; then something or other comes across, payment is suspended, a summons to the small debts' court follows as a matter of course, the debt is enforced with costs, and the family becomes involved in law and misery for weeks and months. Perhaps the husband knows nothing of the debt until the summons is served upon him. In this way poor Mrs. Sharp has taken in; and now I fear all the goods will be sold up, for the other creditors will be sure to put in their claims."

"I have understood that she has pursued a course, just the reverse of your own," I remarked. "Unhappily she has," said Mrs. Foresight, "and painfully have her husband and children had to suffer for it. John would have been a different man if he had been suitably married, but his wife had no management; his wages have been expended he could never tell how; then, by buying everything on credit, at the nearest place, and just when it was wanted, without any regard to the pay-day, she has been continually involving her husband in debt, and subjecting him to all kinds of annoyances. The consequence is, that now they seem to have lost all moral principle, all regard for themselves, and all concern for others, not caring whom they plunder provided they can get into their books, and obtain present supplies and gratifications, regardless of all that may follow in the future. I am sure that if this Mrs. Foresight, I said, 'is a fearful state of things; one cannot think of it but with pity and concern. It furnishes a striking example of the evil of buying on trust, and of the pernicious influence it exerts.'"

As I knew that my interposition could avail nothing in remedying the state of things at the adjacent dwelling, I took leave of Mrs. Foresight, after consulting her on the subject of the better course she was pursuing, with my mind more deeply impressed than ever with the importance of the precept, 'to owe no man anything.' At 1 returned home, and I am anxious to myself how truly have I been told, that a very small sum of money saved or squandered, makes all the difference between a prudent and one of misery. A week of time,—twenty or twenty-five shillings possessed in advance, constitute all the interval between them. One effort, one sacrifice, the difference is made, and the man, mentioning, and instead of a man finding all his week's wages forestalled and absorbed by his debts, and nothing left to supply present or future necessities, he is enabled to keep his hand ready to be employed to the greatest advantage. But then, the effort,—the sacrifice must not be one of a single week; it must not be a spasmodic effort,—but perpetuated with constancy from week to week, month to month. Very soon as it is the nature of facts to pass into habits, and habits when good always yield their own reward, this repetition of effort instead of rendering the man more contented, and more inclined to become easier, and increasingly productive of peace, happiness, and prosperity. How important, therefore, that such habits should be early formed,—that children should be taught to economize, and to avoid foolish and self-indulgent expenditures,—to dread debt, to exercise foresight and industry; how necessary to remove from them all those temptations to idleness, and the goods of others by fraudulent or deceptive means, and to keep far from their minds all inducement to falsehood, hypocrisy, and extravagance. But on whom does this burden devolve? Certainly on parents, and it is become so much more acute as defective in this duty that there is so much carelessness, extravagance, misery, and dishonesty in the world. As the twig is bent so be the tree inclines.

filled with joy. They were very beautiful. They had three colours in them, white, purple, and rose-colour; and there was a delicate ivory fringe all round the edge. Their fragrance, too, was so sweet, and so fragrant, that they were more than he ever did before, and he never did flowers look so beautiful to him as these.

The captive guarded his plant with great care from all harm. He made a framework out of sticks, so he could get so, and he should not be broken down by some careless foot, or by the wind. One day there was a hailstorm, and, to keep the tender plant from the pelting of the hail, he stood bending over it as long as the storm lasted.

The plant was something more than a pleasure and a comfort to the prisoner. It taught him such things that he never knew before, though he was a very learned man. When he went into the prison he was an infidel. He did not believe there was a God; and among his scribbles on the prison-wall he had written, 'All things come by chance.' But, as he watched his loved flower, its opening heautes told him that there is a God. He felt that none but He could make such things, and he should not flower had taught him more than he had ever learned from the wise men of the earth.

The cherished and guarded plant proved of great service to the prisoner. It was the means of his being saved from the gallows, and of his becoming a prisoner, an Italian, whose daughter came to visit him. She was much interested by the tender care which Charney took of his plant. At the second of the month, she came to him, and Charney felt very sad. He wished that he could take up the stones around it; but he could not without permission. The Italian managed to see the Emperor Josephine, and to tell her about it, and permission was given to Charney to do with his plant as he desired. The stones were taken up, and the earth was returned, and the flower was seen as bright as ever again.

Now the Emperor thought much of flowers. It is said that she admired 'the purple of her cheeks, the red of her lips, the white of her robe, and that the perfume of her angelina was pleasanter to her than the flattery of her attendants.' She, too, had a cherished flower, a sweet jasmine,—that she had brought from the land of the youth, a far-off island of the West Indies. This had been planted and reared by her own hand; and, though its simple beauty would scarcely have excited the attention of the Emperor, it was dear to her for all the rare and brilliant flowers that filled her hot-houses. She thought much of the prisoner that took such care of his one flower. She was so much interested in it, that she persuaded the Emperor to give him his freedom.

And when Charney left the prison, he took the plant with him to his home; for he could not leave part of his life behind him. He had cheered him in his lonely prison-life, taught him such lessons of wisdom, and was at last the means of setting him free.

Some, perhaps, would say that the seed of this flower got into the prison-yard, and took root in the earth between the stones by chance, and that this was all very lucky for the prisoner. But this is not so. Nothing comes by chance. God sent that seed there, and made it lodge in the right place for it to grow. He sent it to be the means of good to the poor prisoner. Little did Charney think, when he saw that tiny plant first sent down to him, that it was the seed which God would free him from prison, and what was better, deliver him from his misery.

NOTICES.

627 *Packets containing 240 Bark Nuts (assorted) of the "British Workman" may be had for a limited time, at 10s. each. Orders for these special packets should be given through a bookseller. We sent direct to the publisher the order for carriage will have to be borne by the purchasers.*

The above terms only apply to old Nos.

628 *The Thirteen Yearly Parts of the "British Workman" (1856 to 1867), with Illustrated Covers, may be had. Price 1s. 6d. each; cloth, 1s. 2s. 6d. each. The Complete Edition for the first Year, 1856, in French, new series, 10s. 6d. each; 12s. 6d. each; 12s. 6d. each.*

POSTAL NOTICE.

The Publishers of the "British Workman" have to inform their copies of the *British Workman* to be sent out of the United Kingdom, Channel Islands, and Post Office, by the following rates:—*1s. 6d. each; 12s. 6d. each; 12s. 6d. each.*

All orders (accompanied with remittances), to be addressed to S. W. FETTERIDGE & Co., 55, & 57, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



"You see, sir, my husband cannot come here to wash himself without seeing the words of God."

A THOUGHTFUL WIFE.

I WENT into a room the other day in the East of London to inquire after the family of a working man. The husband was from home, but the wife manifested by her conversation the deep interest which she felt in the spiritual welfare of her husband. While speaking she took a candle from the table and conducted me to the side of the room, and there showed me where she had displayed some texted Scripture over a wash-stand. She then said with much earnestness—

"You see, sir, my husband cannot come here to wash himself without seeing the words of God."

REV. W. TYLER.

* These "Sinner Monitors"—with texts for every day of the month, issued by the Religious Tract Society, and the Dublin Tract Repository, &c.—may be had through any bookseller.

"HOW TO ADORN YOUR COTTAGE."

DEAR the past trying winter, I called one day to see a poor family who had recently been in a great deal of trouble. The husband and father was a coal-heaver, and had constant work when in health, for he was a sober, steady man, industrious out, and good to his wife and family at home. I had lost sight of them for nearly two years; but lately the wife called upon me, to tell me of her present abode, and of her winter's troubles. Her husband had met with an

accident, and been laid up for some time; the consequence was that they had been brought to the verge of utter destitution. The poor wife seemed so spent with want and trouble, that she had scarcely strength to tell me her sad tale. I at once went to see their condition at home. The husband was now able to be at work again; and the wife was sanguine that they would be "all right in the spring." In their "best room" which was poor, but clean, I noticed quite a number of gilt pictures in gilt frames. Some of them were Scripture subjects; and though they were all of a cheap kind, they made the little room look very pretty and bright. "How did you manage to get such an array of pictures?" I asked.

"Oh, John managed to get 'em, ma'am, when he was in regular work; he saved up his odd pence instead of spending 'em in beer and tobacco. Some of 'em he framed himself. 'Tis so fond of pictures, and so proud of 'em."

"That's right," said I. "How much better it is to spend 'odd pence' in making home pretty and comfortable, than in spending them on useless and hurtful things!"

On the same day I went into another cottage, the walls of which were adorned with the same kind of pictures, all arranged with great care. The good wife took me round to examine each

one separately, while she made remarks and explanations. Among them the *British Workman's* *Almanac* had a place. It was prettily "got up," with a coloured border round it, and looked as if framed. In answer to my question, "How did you manage to get all these pretty pictures?" the answer was that her husband had saved up the money in a "Penny Bank." Here again was the fair fruit of saved pence. Are there not thousands of homes bare of decorations, and even of common comforts, simply because unpaid pence are squandered at the public-house? S. R.

THE SWEARER'S WAGES.

It is very sad to hear men swear. It is sadder still to hear little boys. There was once a man in a coach who swore very much. Some one in the coach at length said, "My good Sir, you will much please the company if you will only swear in *Hebrew*!" The man felt at once that he was doing wrong, and ceased to swear altogether.

But I wish now to tell you of another case. A young man was using very bad words. A kind good man came up to him and said—

A.—What reason does Satan allow you for swearing, young man?

B.—What do you mean?

A.—I mean that I say: Do you have high or low wages?

B.—I don't get any wages.

A.—From the manner in which you pour out oaths, your wages must be very high.

B.—Well, they are not.

A.—So I see, and allow me to tell you that you work cheap, very cheap, cheaper than any person I ever heard of. I never knew anyone having such miserable wages for so much work.

B.—There is something in what you say, and I will—

A.—Yes—yes—there—something—cheap work, cheap work, I tell you. Just look—you lay aside the character of a well-bred man and gentleman; you injure the feelings of your best friends, and in fact cause pain to all civil people who hear you swear; you dishonour the name of your Maker; and run the risk of losing your precious soul, and all for nothing. Young man, I tell you, you work for a hard master—and you work cheap—very cheap indeed.

The young man was rebuked, and expressed his thanks. I hope he ceased to swear after that.

THE SILVER CUP DESTROYED AND RESTORED.

Is Dr. Brown's work on the Resurrection, there is a beautiful parable from Halley.

The story is of a servant, who, receiving a silver cup from his master, suffers it to fall into a cask of open ferret, and seeing it disappear, contends in argument with a fellow-servant that its recovery is impossible, till the master comes on the scene and infuses salt-water, which precipitates the silver from the solution, and then, by melting and hammering the metal, he restores it to its original shape.

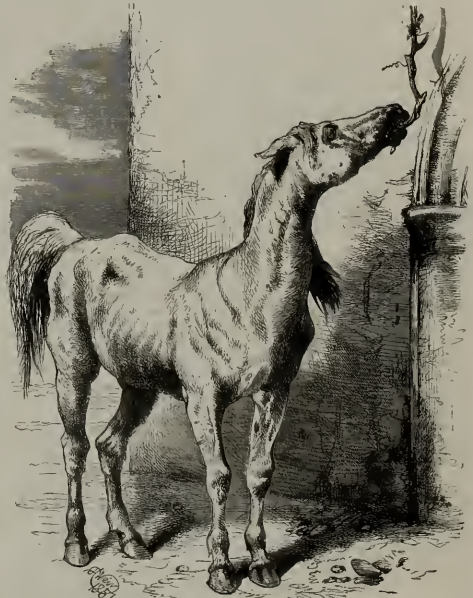


With this incident, a sceptic—one of those great stumbling-blocks was the resurrection—was so struck that he ultimately renounced his opposition to the Gospel, and became a partaker of the Christian hope of immortality.

THE OLD HORSE'S APPEAL.

"Once upon a time, a king who wished justice to be done to all his people had a bell put up, so that any one who was injured by another might ring it, when the king assembled the wise men, that justice might be done. From long use, the lower end of the rope was worn away, and a piece of wild vine was fastened on to lengthen it. It so happened that a Knight had a noble horse, which had served him long and well, but having grown old and useless, was meanly and cruelly turned out on the common to take care of himself. Driven by hunger, the horse began biting at the vine, when the bell rung out loud and clear; and, lo! the wise men assembled, and finding that it was a poor half-starved horse that was sounding the call, and thus asking for justice, though he knew it not, examined into his case, and decreed that the Knight, whom he had served in his youth, should feed and care for him in his old age."

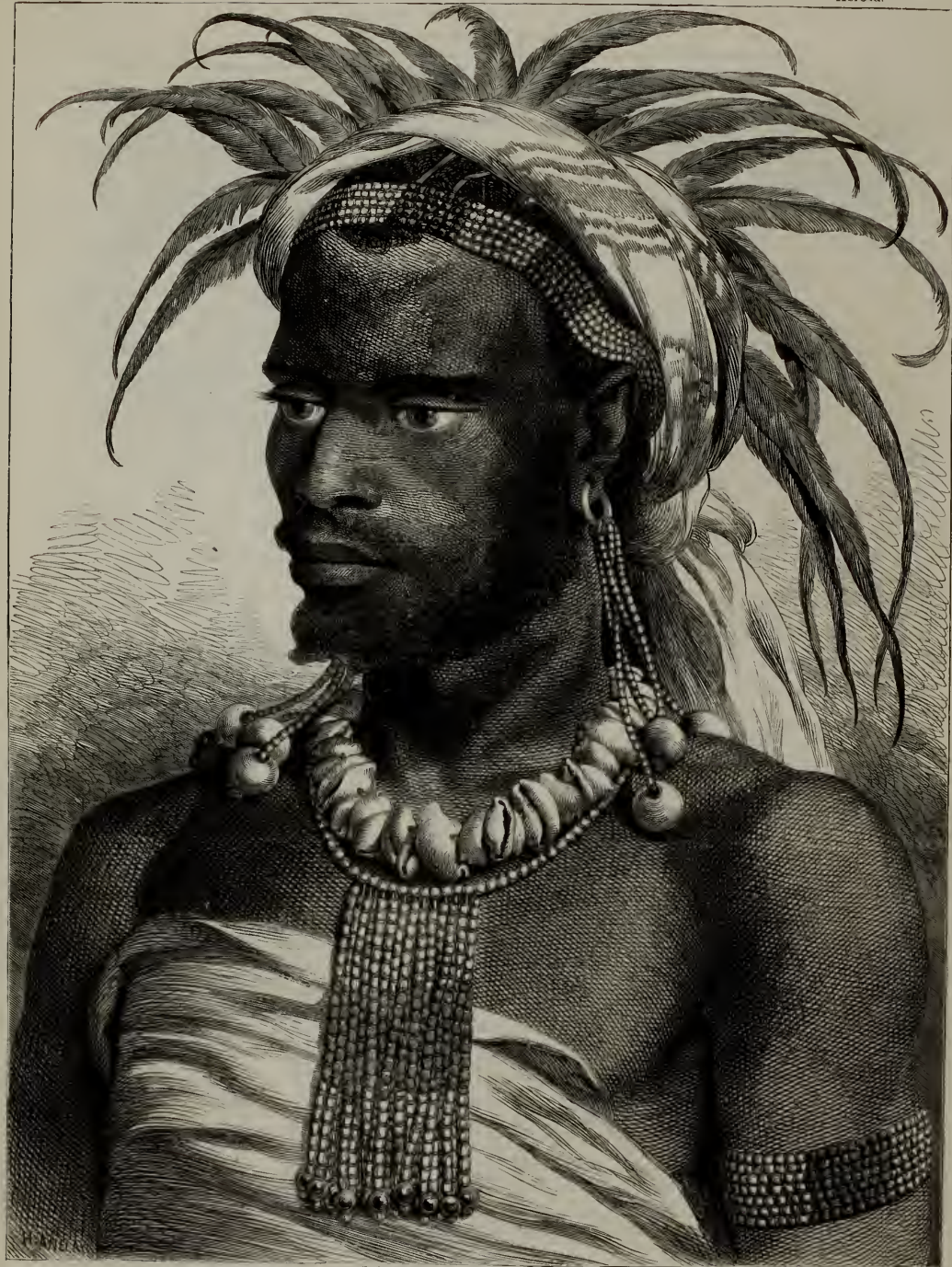
"And the king confirmed the decree, adding to it a heavy fine if the Knight neglected his duty to the faithful animal."



THE OLD HORSE'S APPEAL.

From Mary Howitt's Illustrated book "Our Four-footed Friends."





AFRICAN PRINCE. DRAWN BY H. ANELAY.

[A Portrait of Loro Uroogwan (life size) will appear in the next number.

CELEBRATED AFRICANS.

There can be no doubt but that in Africa there have from time to time been men who deserve celebrity, but of whom no record has been preserved—great commanders and statesmen, whose names, who their lives, in more civilized regions, would have filled a large space on the history page. Of these "chiefs, who have passed away unremembered and unnamed," we may form some conception from what we know of

SEMITUANE, CHIEF OF THE MAKOLOLO.

of whom, but for the energetic denunciation of Livingston, we should have probably never have heard more than the name. This man, who at his death was one of the most powerful chiefs in South Africa, was for many years the leader of a small band of fugitives, who had been driven from their native land by powerful enemies. Wherever they went they found every man's hand turned against them. Surviving successive assaults, they became, as it were, consolidated by them into a rock on which their foes dashed to their own destruction. Their leader had a genius for war which has caused those Europeans who are most familiar with his exploits to compare him with events Caesar and Napoleon. Unlike them, however, he never displayed any ambition for foreign conquest. Almost constantly engaged in hostilities, he always acted with moderation, and he stoutly longed for peace. For this end he made several attempts to open up communications with the English, in the hope of obtaining from them such friendly aid and encouragement as enemies from attacking him. At length the desire of his heart was gratified: in 1851, when Schittane was about forty-five years of age, Livingston reached him. Said, however, before he died, in a few weeks after the dream of his whole life had been realized, and intercourse with the white man had been opened up. Although the war man had been opened up, for it was him that the old system which prevented trade and civilization from penetrating into the great central valley of Africa was broken up. Dr. Livingston says that he was acquainted with the greatest man in all that country, and that this describes his personal appearance: "Schittane was about forty-five years of age, of a tall and wiry form, of an olive complexion, and muscular, and slightly bald, in manner cool and collected, and more frank in his answers than any other I ever met. He was the greatest warrior ever heard of beyond the Cape."

Nearly all the African races have been distinguished for courage, and some of the

AFRICAN SOLDIERS

have stood in the very first rank of the military profession. *Humbold*, the great German general, the most formidable foe with whom the Romans ever had to contend, and whom it required all their power to crush, was of course an African. A nanakasse of his, in the reign of Peter the Great, became in Russia lieutenant-general and director of a battery, and on account of his distinguished services, was decorated with the red ribbon of the St. Alexander Nevski. His son was, in 1784, to the same rank.

Ogobry Uda, a valiant, and an officer of artillery in the French army, was likewise eminent for his scientific acquirements. Although he never visited Africa, and had very few facilities for obtaining knowledge, he was a profound natural philosopher, geology, and astronomy. He was the founder of a scientific society in the Isle of France. In 1786 he was named a correspondent of the French Academy, and for his geological observations, and sometimes hydrographical journals. His maps of the Isle of France, delineated according to his own observations, were published, with other plans, in 1791, by the order of the Minister of Marine.

But the greatest of modern African soldiers, and indeed, one of the greatest soldiers and statesmen of modern times, was *Toussaint L'Ouverture*. Toussaint was born in the island of St. Domingo in 1743 or 1745. His parents were of African descent, but he himself continued in bondage until he was about twenty years of age. As a slave his lot was unusually happy. From various sources he had contrived to obtain considerable information, and his intelligence and integrity fitted him for a position of trust to which he was successively advanced. The same qualities, combined with his modesty, piety, and benevolence, won for him the esteem both of slaves and of his masters. His instructions of the blacks took place in August 1791, and great exertions were made by the insurgents to induce a negro of his respectability and reputation to join them in their desperate and actually refused. On the contrary, it was owing

to his care and integrity that his master and his family were saved from massacre, and ultimately enabled to escape to the United States. *Them* he joined his countrymen in their struggle for freedom, and at once assumed a leading rank among them. In less than five years he had not only become a free man, but he had become, nominally commander-in-chief of the French forces in St. Domingo, but really the independent ruler of a free people. Under his government the negroes were restored to more than his former position.

But Napoleon Bonaparte had conceived an enmity against him—some afterwards even of his supposed friends in America. He therefore resolved upon his destruction, and he more readily as he foresaw that in the struggle with the negro commander, many of his former republican friends, whose presence had become irksome, and perhaps even dangerous to the ambitious first consul, would perish. A force of 25,000 men, the flower of the French troops, was dispatched to St. Domingo. After a valiant struggle, in which more than 30,000 persons perished, Toussaint was compelled, by the desertion of some of his chief officers, to submit, though on the most honourable terms. Indeed, the terms of the treaty were that Toussaint should continue to govern St. Domingo as before. Indeed, the French general, setting into the hands of Toussaint a printed list of the officers in Toussaint's army should be allowed to return their respective ranks. But this solemn engagement was broken, and Toussaint treacherously arrested on the 27th of April, 1802, and was confined in an Alpine dungeon, denied more than the common necessaries of life, and after an imprisonment of ten months he was found dead on the 7th of May, 1803.

Toussaint L'Ouverture is simply the best known of the

AFRICAN STATESMEN.

but by no means the only negro who can claim this lofty designation. *Samuel R. Mbita*, *Petina*, and *Bayer*, his successors in Hayti, were all men of colour, and rulers of more than ordinary ability. The Honourable *Benjamin B. B. B.*, *Prophet of Liberia*, who was a slave until middle life; the Honourable *Richard Hill*, the Honourable *Edward Jordan*, the Honourable *Peter Monro*, all negroes and all statesmen.

The late *King Theodor*, of Abyssinia, of whom we are not, perhaps, disposed to take the most favourable view, was a ruler of no ordinary ability. At his death, on the 27th of April, 1868, he inaugurated a series of reforms which, it has been said, "he had lived in another country, or had suitable advisers at his side, would have gained him reputation equal to that of Peter the Great." *Theodor* was a Christian, or Frederick, the Great. A description of him may not be uninteresting to our readers—here is one penned by one of the late empires in Abyssinia: "The *Theodor* is about forty-eight years of age, darker than most of his countrymen, his black eyes are slightly depressed, the nose straight, the mouth large, the lips small, he is well-built, a splendid roan, excels in the use of the spear, and on foot will tire his harrier followers. When in good humour the expression of his countenance is pleasing, his smile radiant, his manners courteous, really kindly; but when his very temper is excited, his black face acquires an ashy hue, his eyes, blood-red and fierce, seem to stare fire, his thin lips compressed, leave but a whitish margin round the mouth, and his very countenance is of a cold, and his whole deportment is that of a savage and ungovernable fury."

To some men, believers in the "natural inferiority" of negroes, it is fruitful of thought, and a sufficient stimulus to speak as we have done, of an "African statesman;" what will they say, then, when we go on to speak also of

AFRICAN SCHOLARS & PHILOSOPHERS?

Yet, in spite of the adverse circumstances under which they have been to contend, such persons have not been wanting. *Euclid*, the father of geometry, is not the only great mathematician which Africa has produced. In 1754, *Abdullah Williams Abo*, an African from the coast of Guinea, took the degree of Doctor in Philosophy at the University of Wittenburg. According to Blumenbach, two of his dissertations exhibit much well-digested knowledge of the most advanced philosophical theories of the time. He was well versed in Greek, French, and German languages. In an account of his life, published in the *Journal of the University*, his integrity, talents, industry, and erudition are highly commended. The court of Berlin conferred upon him the title of Counsellor of State.

Benjamin Bowdler was born near the village of Elkett's Mills, in Baltimore, county Maryland, in the year 1729. His father was born in Africa, and his mother's parents were both natives of Africa. When he was approaching manhood, he went, in the intervals of toil, to an English boarding-school, where he acquired a knowledge of reading and writing, and a little arithmetic. From this point he was entirely self-taught. In his thirtieth year he assumed his teaching, and was continuing a clerk with no other help than a sight of a watch, which he had never seen. That which he conducted was probably the first of which every particular was made known to him. He received from a friend a present of Ferguson's "Astronomy," Mayer's "Tables," Leake's "Tables," and some astronomical instruments. From this time astronomy became the great object of his life, and in its study he almost disappeared from the sight of his neighbours. He was still to labour for his living; but he so simplified his views as to be enabled to devote the greater portion of his time to astronomical studies. He slept much during the day, so that he might the more devotedly observe at night the heavenly bodies. He was very slowly but surely mastering. Very soon after receiving the books already mentioned, he determined to compile an almanac, that being the most familiar result of such observations. The information he had acquired. This was a task of very different magnitude and difficulty than it appears, when there is an abundance of accurate tables and when without the least assistance from any person or books, beside the three volumes mentioned, he accomplished his appointment. In 1792 published his first almanac, including the varying aspects of the planets, a table of the motions of the sun and moon, their risings and settings, and the courses of the bodies of the planetary system. These calculations were so thorough and exact as to win the approbation of Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, and other eminent men; and one of his almanacs was produced in the most perfect manner, and in favour of the education of the coloured people, and of their liberation from their wretched thralldom. In 1811, Bowdler died, beloved and respected by all who knew him. These calculations immortalize the spot where he was born, and lived a true and noble life, yet history must record that one of the most original scientific intellects of which the world has known can be lost in what was that of the pure African, Benjamin Bowdler.

The story of *Capitain*, the scholar and divine, the author of Latin works in prose and verse; of *Thomas Fick*, a naval architectural engineer; of *Thomas Jenkins*, whose successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties awakens the admiration of *James O'Connell*, of *James O'Connell*, who, though born a slave, became one of the most distinguished physicians in N. Orleans; of *Dr. James M. O'Connell*, who, when he took his degree of medicine at the University of Glasgow, bore away the first prize from five hundred students; of any of the present generation of African scholars, such as *Bishop Payne*, the Principal of Wilberforce University for the Freedmen in America, we have not space to tell. Nor can we do more than name the

AFRICAN POETS—

Cesar, of North Carolina; *Sonno*, the Kafir chief; *Phacis*, the unfortunate Cuban patriot; *Ignatius Saatchi*, the correspondent of *St. Louis*; *Prophet Williams*, a protégé of the Duke of Montague, whose name has been in the commendation of Phillips English scholars. But from the works of *Phillips Whitley* we must call a few lines—

"As reason's power by day my God disdains,
So may we trace His power by night's dark reign;
Say, what is sleep? and dreams, how passing strange!
When action ceases and ideas range
Lendings and lendings, and the mind's train
Where first a guess is given to things divine.
Here in soft strains the dreaming lover
To kind fire, and runs in jubilee;
On planets, and the stars, and the moon's beam,
The labouring passions struggle for a vain
What power, O man! thy reason thou restrains,
So long suspended in mortal chains!
What cause, O man! thy reason thou restrains,
And gives improved mind active power again?
From thee, O man! what gratitude should arise!
And wilt thou, when thy God has given thee eyes,
That first thought be thy God's decree?"

These lines are taken from a long poem on the "Providence of God," which if it were reproduced by us would nearly fill two of our columns: will it be believed that they were written by an

African slave-girl, at the age of sixteen or eighteen!

At the present time, in the American Southern States, the eagerness of the Freedmen in learning to read and write is most extraordinary, as the various reports of the Freedmen's Aid Societies plainly testify. A few years will doubtless see many of these emancipated slaves taking a high stand in the schools of learning. The noble army of

AFRICAN PHILANTHROPISTS

we must pass by altogether unnoticed. But in that day when even the cup of cold water, given in charity to one of these brethren, shall be rewarded, not a few of the sons of Ham shall rejoice in the smile and the approbation of the Saviour of all them that believe, whether they be black or white, bond or free.

Amongst the descendants of Noah's youngest son, that Saviour has had some of his most faithful messengers and courageous martyrs. Thus

AFRICAN PREACHERS AND DIVINES

of the present day, not the least able or successful of those who are now the ambassadors of Christ's Gospel, may be named *Samuel A. May*, who was called *Niger*, that is *Sinner*, the *Niger*, was one of the "prophets and teachers" in the Apostolic Church at Antioch (Acts xiii. 1). Some of the most distinguished of the divines of the primitive Church—*Origen*, *Tertullian*, *Clement Alexandrinus*, and *Cyril*, were Africans. Above all, *Augustine*, whose influence upon Christian history and whose life has been greater than that of any other uninspired writer, was an African. Nor must we omit to mention England's first black bishop, *Dr. Crowther*, who was consecrated Bishop of the Niger by the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1864. Alipha's capture on board a sailing vessel in 1822, and the perils he has undergone as a Missionary of the Church Missionary Society, were recorded in full in No. 62 of the *Christian Times*.

The late Bishop Burns, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, a man of fine complexion, and of a noble and commanding presence, and of administrative abilities, was also a black bishop.

But here we must reluctantly arrest our pen. We have seen many of the noblest spirits who are capable of excelling in any human pursuit, and to evince the reasonableness of the hope—yes, of our confident faith, that Christianity will make its way into the hearts of all men, and effect a favourable world—that it, transform it from the abode of savages into the dwelling-place of a civilized and cultured people. If at any time we have thought of the millions of our African brethren, let us call to mind, that when the power and civilization of Rome were at their zenith, this Englishman was a link tied by a race inferior to the Kaffirs. *William Hall* shall soon stretch out her hands unto God!

"As we hope to continue this issue of 'Celebrated Africans' in a future No., we shall in this copy of our paper can supply it with much matter of our own mind, and of our own pen."

"The *Christian Times* for Sept. 25th, 1867, contains a list of the names of the noblest spirits who are capable of excelling in any human pursuit, and to evince the reasonableness of the hope—yes, of our confident faith, that Christianity will make its way into the hearts of all men, and effect a favourable world—that it, transform it from the abode of savages into the dwelling-place of a civilized and cultured people. If at any time we have thought of the millions of our African brethren, let us call to mind, that when the power and civilization of Rome were at their zenith, this Englishman was a link tied by a race inferior to the Kaffirs. *William Hall* shall soon stretch out her hands unto God!"

THE SABBATH IN PAR.S.

The Rev. Dr. Tyng gives a painful report of one of the Sabbath schools in the city of Paris, and how it is to be conducted by English working men. After speaking of the utter ignorance of the Sabbath by tradespeople and working men who are occupied as mechanics, he says:—

"When our Sabbath was closing, I thought it wise to let my boys see for themselves how Paris keeps the Sabbath, that they might judge of the comparative worth of its observance and neglect. I walked with them through the streets of the city, where there was every conceivable variety of human amusement and riot, high and low, from the most gorgeous display of singing women on stages, raised up by machinery, to the most vulgar and down to the lowest and vilest of the mountebank theatres. Every species of gambling seemed to be collected there. Here was what the English call a 'penny race,' and here was a 'penny race' in England. These youths shrank back with amazement and horror. Well they might. We returned with a grateful feeling for our Sabbath at home, acknowledging to each other that there was no other way to pass the Sabbath than God's own way; and the nearer we could come to that, the happier the day would be."

THE Volume of the "Friendly Visitor" for 1867. Price 6d. 2s., and 2s. 6d.

This volume, with its four parts, has been much praised by the public. The Chairman of the House of Commons, Mr. Stansfeld, has given a high praise to a poor old woman of seventy."



"ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE, O GOD!"

SILENT TEACHERS.

"What! another flower, Tom; is not your window full already?"

"They don't eat nor drink, bless 'em, and it does me no harm to have 'em to look at." It was but a passing bit of conversation that I heard, and yet it set me thinking. The man with the flower-pot in his arm was a rough—no, I shall not say "rough"—he was a sturdy son of toil, and I was anxious to hear his fervent blessing on the flowers. His acquaintance, who had expressed surprise at another flower in Tom's possession, had pulled a short pipe out of his mouth when he spoke, and no doubt his love-tobacco cost him much more than Tom's love of flowers. Then as to the gain. The smoker would gain a dry, hot mouth, a foul breath, yellow teeth, shallow skin, dull eyes, drowsiness and headache; that's what his pipe would do for him, even if he did not drink. But Tom with the flower would refresh his eyes with its bloom, and his soul with its sweetener, and he would adorn his window with its beauty, and gladden his wife and his children by bringing them such a pretty gift. What innocent delight would they all feel in looking at it! And more than all that, they would learn something from the flower. It would tell them of the wisdom and love of God; how He sent these beautiful flowers into the world to please the eye of man.

"To render sense, to whisper hope
When'er his kind gift grows;
For who so curd for the flowers
Will much more care for him."

I think flowers teach neatness and order. The wife and children like to have a clean room, and that the flower, in its purity and grace, may not shame them. And then, too, a poor man like to feel that he has an ornament in his dwelling similar to that which a rich man chooses as the best embellishment of his drawing-room. The cottage nodd, the narrow skin, dull eyes, drowsiness and headache; that's what his pipe would do for him, even if he did not drink. But Tom with the flower would refresh his eyes with its bloom, and his soul with its sweetener, and he would adorn his window with its beauty, and gladden his wife and his children by bringing them such a pretty gift. What innocent delight would they all feel in looking at it! And more than all that, they would learn something from the flower. It would tell them of the wisdom and love of God; how He sent these beautiful flowers into the world to please the eye of man.

I know a little bit of a cottage outside a town. It stands in a nook by the roadside, and has no view but that of a yard where carts are kept; but in the window of that humble dwelling there are some cushions. They make a pretty screen, that shuts out all ugly sights, and shuts into the room graceful drooping blooms, hanging like jewels among the green leaves. The floor of the oak is of red brick, and so are the steps outside the door; but I notice as I pass how clean are those bricks, and what a glow of neatness and comfort they present! And the wooden chairs are bright, and so are the brass candlesticks over the mantelpiece. That clear window, with its lovely clustering flowers, at which people look as they pass, has given to the others in that cottage an honest pride in their dwelling; the flowers have

brought their own purity with them, and taught it to their owners. And when little John or Mary learn to take care of flowers, and have one of their own given them, I think they cease to be destructive and careless. They know that rough handling or neglect will injure and kill their flower, so their hands learn gentle uses of touch, and they grow watchful over their favourite. Once conquered the thoughtlessness and roughness of a girl or boy by giving them something to take care of and attend to, and you have put them in the way of being diligent and useful.

I remember one evening meeting, in the Harrow-road, a working woman whom I knew. She had her baby in her arms and a big bundle beside her, and she was hurrying on so fast that I said, with some concern, as I passed her, "Mrs. Gibbs, is anything the matter that you are in such haste?"

"Nothing, please; but I'm having the front of our house painted down, and I forgot to tell the man not to hurt our bit of ivy!" Of course I did not detain her by my further remark; but two days afterwards I walked past her house, and looked with some interest at the renovated front; and there was the tangle of ivy safe, and Mrs. Gibbs was cleaning her parlour-window, on the sill of which was a box of mignonette. "So the workman did not injure the ivy, Mrs. Gibbs," I said.

"Oh dear, if he had, I should have been so sorry, for my husband brought that root of ivy from the side of the church where we were married. We've had some trouble to take care of it to make it grow in this street, but it's safe now."

Altho' the ivy branch told to the husband and wife the story of their wedded love. In its ever-green foliage it gave them a symbol of what true love should be—clinging and unclinging; it was to them both a teacher and a memorial.

And so, when a husband or father brings home a little plant, if it is but a half-penny dry-root, be careful of it. His hand, that so tenderly carries the little flower, will have a tender touch for the human flowers in his dwelling. His eye, that sees and feels the beauty of God's seed, will be sure to dwell lovingly on the little plants that climb his knee. He will be careful and kind; for none but the careful and gentle can have a great love for flowers.

Happy is the wife who helps her husband in his love of flowers, and who bears with a joyful heart her children say, as they look out on a summer's night for their father's return—
"Here he comes mother and all, and I have such a nice flower, such a beauty, in his arms! Do come and see, mother!"

Yes, this is the greeting; these are the innocent joys that may be had in the British workman's house, and of which flowers are the best sweet teachers. C. E. B.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS ABOUT THE PEOPLE.

"It," said the great Daniel Webster to a friend, "religious books are not widely circulated among the masses in the United States, and the people do not become religious. I do not know what is to become of us as a nation." And the thought is one to cause solemn reflection on the part of every patriot and Christian. If truth be so, our country is in a perilous position. We are not known and received, the devil and his works will gain the ascendancy; if the evangelical world does not reach every hamlet, the pages of a corrupt and heathen literature will fill the hearts of the people. It is not enough that the Gospel is not left far behind in the land, and that the people are not in a state of degradation and misery, corruption and darkness, will reign without mitigation or end.

GOOD ADVICE.

Is the morning the mind is calmed; the temptations of the day have not beset you; the duties of the day have not filled your mind and begun the day. Before you go to the duties of the day, to its cares and anxieties, and temptations, begin the day with prayer. Temptations you certainly will meet; trials of virtue and patience will overtake you; and many times before night you will need the aid of your Father to shield you. Go to Him, and ask His counsel to guide you. His power to uphold you, His presence to cheer you, His spirit to sanctify you. Then will you have done what is equivalent to half the duties of the day, when you have thus engaged His care and assistance. And when the evening comes, when you have done with the duties of the day, the body is wearied, and the mind is jaded, when the world is shut out by the shades of night, when you come to look back and review the day, when you see how many deficiencies have marked it, how many imperfections still characterize you, how many sin-stains are yet on the face, how little you have done for yourself or for others, or for God, the day past, then is the hour of prayer. It will be sweet to feel that you have done what you can, and that you will hear your Father's voice, and that you are patient, and ask in the name of Jesus Christ: One who will accept of your evening sacrifice, and give you strength for the morning, and aid you with His righteousness. This hour, if rightly improved, will be like the cheering communion of a most beloved friend. Take care that nothing comes between you and these hours devoted to God. "Think of the main minister of Persia, with the affairs of six hundred and twenty provinces resting on his mind, yet finding time to go to his chamber, three times a day, that he might pray and give thanks to God." Think of Alfred, with the cares of monarchy; of Luther, buffeted by the storms of Papal wrath; of Thorstein, encompassed with a thousand necessary engagements, yet never allowing the hurry of business to intrude on his regular hours of devotion.—From *Talbot's Student's Guide*.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

THE RECALL.

A spell of love passed over him,—he awoke, Not as the babe that slumbers, but the kind Of his fond mother:—She had borne the yoke, The grievous yoke of sin—his early joys Seemed like some broken urn, yet fragrant still, Though sacred and stained with over-maturing ill.

A spell of love hath found him,—though alas In desert countries he had long been long, Untill he wanders and set his guiding star, And Satan's bands resistless seemed, and strong;

Yet hath a word of gentle love broke Through the dull sleep of sin—and he awoke, He communed with the love of early years; He talked with memories all sacred and pale; Oh, 'twas a spell of love no bidding fears, But thoughts all fitted for the poor and frail Come over him, and suddenly recall His Father's house, and the kind Prodigal.

"His Father's house" of tenderness and love; His Father's bond, of boundless supply; There are his hirelings cared for,—what! I love, A son,—yet groning in my penury!— I have seen and seen my Father's face, And the poor stammer rose—a child of grace! God of all grace!—still vibrating the spell Which draws the sinner from the paths of death; Opening in desert lands a gushing well Of holy mercies, in living faith, O call each Prodigal, whether he be red or blue, With thoughts of home and of his Father's love! J. Creighton.

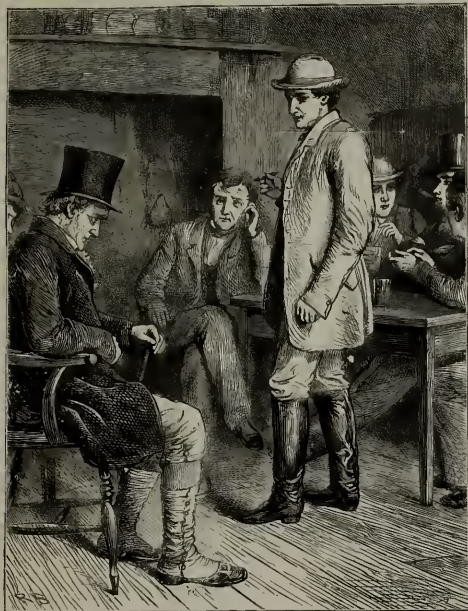
LORD METCALFE'S TESTIMONY.

It is a really happy man you suppose me to be, I will tell you, as far as I know myself, the secret of my happiness. I live in a state of fervent and incessant gratitude to God for the favours and mercies which I have experienced throughout my life. I am conscious of no strong, that it often overflows in tears, and is not a secret. I do not think that any misfortune could shake it. It leads to constant devotion and firm confidence in God. I am not free from those passions and desires which will afflict the weak and tender man in subject, I am guarded by that feeling against any lasting depression.—Lord Metcalfe (*Life by Ray*).



GUDON, THE GREAT GARDENER.

LORNO, the landscape gardener, was a man possessed of an extraordinary working power. The son of a farmer near Edinburgh, he was early and skilful in drawing plans and in making sketches of scenery induced his father to train him for a landscape gardener. During his apprenticeship, he sat up two whole nights every week to study; yet he worked harder during the day than any fellow-labourer. During his studious hours he learnt French, and before he was eighteen, translated a life of Abelard for his Encyclopedia. He was so eager to make progress in life, that when only twenty, while working as a gardener in England, he wrote down in his note-book—"I am now twenty years of age, and perhaps a third part of my life has been spent to study; yet he worked harder during the day than any fellow-labourer. During his studious hours he learnt French, and before he was eighteen, translated a life of Abelard for his Encyclopedia. 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"Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?"

CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL.

A GENTLEMAN was once travelling in Virginia, and about the close of the day, stopped at a wayside inn to obtain refreshments and spend the night. He had been there but a short time before a plain old man, alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow guest. Concerning him to be one of the honest yeomanry of the United States, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the inn. It was about the same time that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number, some, if not all of them, members of the legal profession. As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter on an eloquent harangue that had that day been delivered at the bar. It was replied by another that he had heard, the same day, a degree of eloquence no doubt equal to it, but it was from the pulpit. Something like a satirical rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit, and an able and warm altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock until eleven, the young champion wielded the sword of argument, adorning with ingenuity and ability everything that could be said *pro* or *con*. During this protracted period, the old gentleman sat with all the meekness and modesty

of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stock of his own mind; or, perhaps, he was observing, with a philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are revealed by repeated action; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation upon whom these future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument which (characteristic of himself) no art would be "able to check, and no force to resist." On one of the young men remarking that it was impossible to combat with long established prejudices, he whirled around, and, with some familiarity, exclaimed,—

"Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?"

"If," said the traveller, "a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, the amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed."

The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made, for nearly an hour, by the old gentleman, that he ever heard. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been done

by Campbell. And in the whole lecture, there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered.

"An attempt to describe it," said the traveller, "would be an attempt to paint the sun-beams." It was now a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was. The traveller concluded that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard—but no, it was the celebrated Chief-Justice Marshall!

LIFTING UP A TESTIMONY.

In the busy haunts of men amid the noise of traffic and the excitement of barter, there is often an entire forgetfulness of Christian duty and neglect of Christian precept. Yet it is in the times when people congregate, even for trade, that we should remember, as Christians, not only to avail ourselves of an opportunity to lift up a testimony for the Lord, but to obey a command. We are told in the Holy Scriptures, not only that the words of God's commands shall be in our hearts (Deut. vi. 6), but that we are to be constant, in private and in public, in teaching them: "Thou shalt diligently teach them to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates."

Nothing can be more distasteful, or comprehensive than these directions. The pious Israelite, under the old dispensation, doubtless obeyed the injunction; his children, servants, friends, and the stranger within his gates, were thus all instructed and encouraged in the ways of godliness. If under the law there was this faithfulness of testimony and teaching, what ought not to be our diligence under the Gospel? We who have the sweet lessons of a Saviour's love to unfold, how earnest should we be to "sow beside all waters!" Under this sweet constraint of pity for fellow-sinners, it was thought right by Mr. Smith, the Secretary of the Leeds Young Men's Christian Association, to set up in the Vicar'scroft, in that populous town,



"YOUR POINT OF VIEW, AND MINE."

"It is with much regret that we feel obliged to express your wishes, but I have little doubt that, were you living in this house, you would agree in our conclusions." These words were addressed by a lady to her neighbour in the adjoining house, who had requested the removal of a tree that had a very pretty view from her drawing-room window. The tree stood in the corner of the lady's garden; behind it, on the opposite side of the valley, rose a picturesque range of Chalk Downs; and between the Downs lay a Comb or narrow valley, which would have formed a very pretty view, but was quite hid from the drawing-room window when the tree was in leaf. The lady who desired the removal of the tree, asked her neighbour to come and see how much it interfered with her view. She did so, and candidly owned that for the inhabitants of that house it would be better if the tree were not there; and she promised to consult her husband about it, which she accordingly did. The following day she wrote to her neighbour to say, after due consideration, and with every wish to be kind and neighbourly, they yet found they could not part with the tree; for it concealed from their view an ugly brick building, and a former railway embankment; and concluded her note with the sentence above quoted.

This little incident made me think whether it would not be well if we all tried to look at things more from the same house as our neighbour; it would check many a harsh sentiment. The tree that obscures a part of our beautiful view, and



Stall of the Young Men's Christian Association, Vicar'scroft Market, Leeds.

a stall where God's holy Word, and books, tracts, and periodicals, in harmony with the spirit of the teachings of that Word, might be sold. The place is used as a market, and the time when the greatest concourse assembles is the Saturday evening, and then, from six to eight o'clock the stall is open, so that amidst the clamour of buying and selling, and all the hurry of busy humble life, like a fountain in the desert, there is a place where refreshment for the soul may be obtained, where the weary eye may rest on blessed texts able, through grace, to make the holder wise unto salvation.

It was a good thought, and it has been well carried out, and so far, successful. It is a hint suggestive to others, and may, we believe, be a means of great good. Those who know by what various means the Lord works in arresting sinners, will look with hallowed expectation for a blessing on this effort to spread the knowledge of His truth. At all events, if those under the Messianic dispensation were enjoined to lift up a testimony at all times, and in all places, the Christian must not be less diligent; "for a greater than Moses is here."

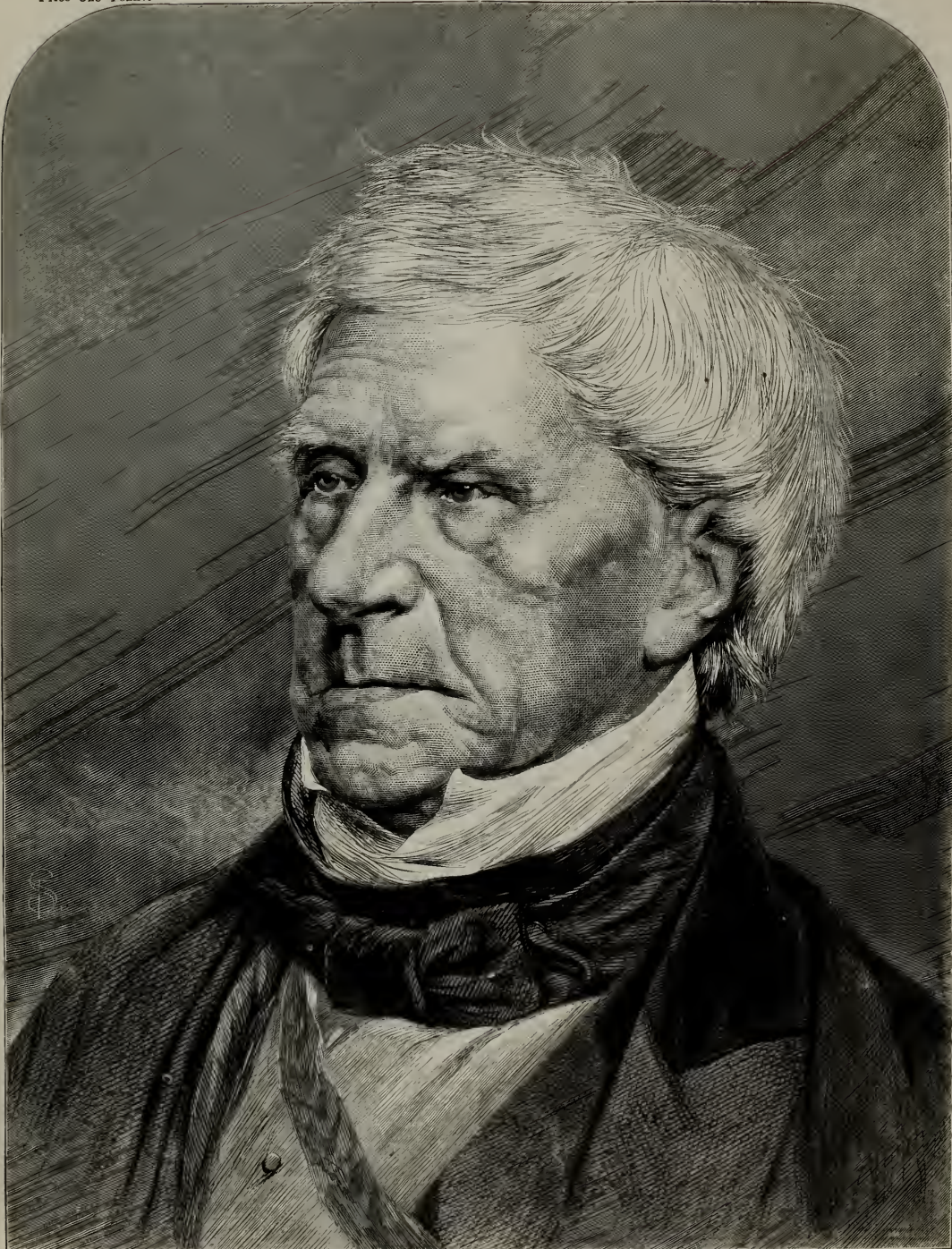
that we long to remove, is a delight and comfort to our neighbour, in hiding from him some unpleasant object. We see it from one point of view, he sees it from another. What we continually forget is to look at it from our neighbour's point of view. If we would go to his house, we should see the use it was to him, and he would come to ours, he would see the hindrance it was to us. And thus many a time, if no actual change can be made, harsh judgments might be avoided, and kinder feelings obtained for the neighbour. How ready we are to condemn another for the opinions he utters, or the things he does; and yet if we were in his place we might probably do and say the same things. Even when judged according to the true standard of right and wrong, we cannot but see that he errs. How often do his errors proceed from ignorance and want of judgment, rather than from a wilful desire to do wrong? Could we, but in a kind way, get him to look at "the tree" from our house, and could we look at it from his, how much good might we then do one another, where now we nourish in our hearts pride, censoriousness, and self-conceit! M. A.



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THE LATE LORD BROUGHAM.

THE LATE LORD BROUGHAM.

On Thursday, May 7th, at his seat of Canons, in the south of France, this true friend of the British workman, after a long, a laborious, and eminently useful life passed from this world so quietly, so peacefully, that the deepening of the shadows sleep into the reality of death left no trace of suffering on his venerable countenance. The daily and weekly newspapers have furnished accurate accounts of his life and his death. He was born at Edinburgh on the 19th of September, 1779, and distinguished himself at his university; how, while still in his teens, he published several papers that attracted the attention of the world; the admiration of learned men throughout Europe; how, in 1800, he was admitted an Associate of the Edinburgh Society of Advocates, and was one of the originators of, and for many years one of the most frequent and able writers in, the famous *Edinburgh Review*; how he removed to England and became one of the most eminent barristers in what is called the Northern Circuit; how, in this capacity, it fell to his lot to be engaged in some causes of the greatest national interest, especially that of Queen Caroline, the unfortunate wife of the dissolute and infamous George IV., and how, by his speeches in connection with these trials, he became identified in the popular mind with the best and noblest feelings of the age; how he entered Parliament in 1810, acting successively for Camelford, Winchester, Knaresborough, and the County of York, how throughout the life of his country he was singularly regardless of "party" ties; how, by what almost seems an instinct, but really from far-seeing statesmanship, he generally attached himself to measures of the most liberal course of unpopularity, ultimately became law, and how in the advocacy of them he displayed an eloquence that reminded old men of the best days of Pitt, Fox, and Burke; how, in 1824, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow by the casting vote of Sir James Macintyre, his opponent being no other than the great orator, Sir Walter Scott; how, in 1826, he became Lord Chancellor of England, and was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Brougham and Vaux; with what unprecedented eloquence he discharged the duties of his high office, and how greatly he contributed to the passing of the celebrated Reform Bill of 1832; how his resistance to extreme measures of reform alienated him from many of his former friends; how, from being the most popular, he became for a time the most unpopular man in the country; how unfortunate deaths of temper increased his unpopularity; for a time deprived him of his just name of honour, and how, on quitting the stormy arena of party politics, he devoted himself afresh to those philanthropic labours, for which he was so eminently qualified, has been already told, at a length of which our columns do not admit. It is neither as the successful student of science, nor as the brilliant writer, nor as the learned lawyer, nor as the eloquent orator, nor as the impetuous politician, but as the friend of the British workman that we propose to speak of Henry Lord Brougham.

We trust that it will not require any lengthened argument to convince our readers that the enemy of slavery is necessarily the friend of the workman. Slavery is the enemy of the workman. Wherever it exists, the workman is debased, irrespective of his nationality or colour. Thus, in the Southern States of America, before the civil war, the white and who laboured for their daily bread were degraded, degraded, and "coloured." From the outset to the close of his career Lord Brougham's hatred of slavery was manifest. So early as the year 1803 he published a work, in two volumes, entitled "An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers," in which he strongly condemned it. In the following year he made a lengthened tour in the East and Holland, and the purpose of his celebrated information upon the foreign slave-trade. In 1807 it is ever memorable for the passing of the Act that made the Slave-trade (i.e., not of men in our colonies, but of men imported from them of additional negroes from Africa) illegal. As forfeiture and penalties of a pecuniary kind were, however, the only consequences of violating the law, the tempt to the pursuit of the vilest of manny persons to defy its enactments. Mr. Brougham, therefore, immediately after his entrance into Parliament, carried through both Houses a Bill designed to punish the offence, and punishing it with transportation for fourteen years. In 1824 it was made a capital offence, and continued so until 1837, when the penalty was limited to transportation for life. In the long struggle that was waged in 1833 in the abolition of slavery itself throughout the British

Empire, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the honourable parliamentary leader of the movement, had in Mr. Brougham one of his ablest and most enthusiastic supporters. Some of his speeches on this question deserve to be ranked as the noblest ever uttered in the House of Commons. "Talk me not of rights," he said on one occasion, "I am not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such claims! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout all the world, the same in all times—as much as it was before the dawning of the Columbus period, the night of ages, and opened to our world the sources of power, wealth and knowledge, to another all unutterable woe; such it is in this day: it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man, and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty plantations that must grow up hold property in man!"

The same feeling of humanity which made him the champion of the oppressed, led him to denounce a practice which has only this time been abolished—dragging in the army in time of peace. In view of the decision to which Parliament has arrived, it is interesting to remember that fifty-seven years ago Mr. Brougham called the attention of the House of Commons to this subject, as well as to the cruel practice of dragging the army in time of peace. By a kindred instinct he was led in the same year (1811) to plead for an amount of liberty for the press that was then deemed perilous; but which has been long since conceded, and is one of the strongest bulwarks of all our other liberties. A free press means a free people. Before a law can be effectually broken, it must be care-

lessly guarded. The poor is especially interested in peace. War means lessened work, diminished wages, dear bread, bad trade and high taxes. It may be said that the poor are not so much as the rich, but not more severely taxed than the millionaire; but there is a certain point after which every diminution of income is felt with rapidly increasing severity, and the poor man who is not free from war taxes cannot the merchant to fatten his fruit after dinner, but the hardship is far greater when the workman is compelled for the same reason to forego his dinner, as when he is denied the poor man also who is especially interested in cheap government. Every one knows that a shopkeeper who pays a high rent cannot afford to sell so cheaply as he who pays a low rent, and also that, in the long run, the man who sells at the cheapest rate will be sure to do the most trade. What is true of a shopkeeper is true of a nation. The taxes we pay are most put on the price of the goods we have to buy, if our taxes are high, our goods will be dear, and foreign nations will be discouraged from trading with us. Thus the great evil of excessive governmental expenditure is not so much what it actually takes from us, as what it hinders us from receiving. As the earnest and consistent advocate of peace and disarmament, the memory of Lord Brougham should, therefore, be gratefully cherished by working men.

Another blessing that Lord Brougham conferred on his countrymen is one, the desirability of which may be seen at once, and which, though it is not so generally apparent, but which it would, nevertheless, be difficult to overrate, namely, cheap law. As a law-reformer he has had few rivals, and perhaps no superior. In 1825 he was the first to move in Commons a speech on this question that lasted six hours, and yet was listened to with the profound interest even by those not previously distinguished by any special knowledge of the law, not fewer than sixty-five capital defects in the administration of justice, the whole of which have since been remedied. In the same year he introduced a Bill which he said that all other Governmental reforms "shrank into nothing, when compared with the pure, and prompt, and cheap administration of justice which he proposed to introduce. By the means of a long purse, this may perhaps be once received, but by the poor man who is so easily deceived, however just may be his case, by protracted litigation, it will not be questioned. As a law-reformer, he was the first to introduce service to a demoralised and degraded people, Lord Brougham was indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the moral and social elevation of the working classes, and was the first to move the movement in favour of education, by obtain-

ing a parliamentary committee for inquiry into things connected with the administration of the various laws bespoken for educational purposes in Great Britain. In 1820 he brought in a Bill for the promotion of national education, the first ever introduced into the House of Commons. Of Mr. Bruce's Bill, now before the House of Commons, were anticipated, and which, although objectionable in some of its details, was admirable in its intention, and spirit. In 1835 he carried, eloquently, though in vain, for what many then esteemed the ridiculous project of establishing Infant Schools in crowded cities as a "most simple and efficacious preventive of crime."

While thus seeking to establish a Government system of education, he also gave powerful encouragement and invaluable counsels to the more intelligent members of the working classes in their efforts after self-education. Dr. Birkbeck, the great promoter of Mechanics' Institutions, found in him willing and efficient ally. In 1827 he inaugurated the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which he was also the first president. His first publication was his discourse, "On the Objects, Principles, and Advantages of Self-education in the Working Classes of Science." How much Henry Brougham effected for the creation of a cheap and pure literature for the working-class, and for their intellectual elevation, can be estimated only by those who have read Mr. Charles Knight's most interesting autobiography. As President for several years of the Association for the Promotion of Science, Literature, and Art, he contributed his philosophical labours almost to the close of his life.

The eloquent tongue, listened to with delight by two generations of the working-class, was an active brain, so prolific of great and benevolent projects, at rest. It is the earnest hope of those who know him best and admired him most, that he has fallen asleep in Christ. His death was indeed so unexpected and sudden as to preclude any personal declaration as to his feelings in immediate view of the eternal world. But there is no doubt that he was at peace. In his later years, he found comfort and delight in some of the hymns that set forth evangelical truth most simply. The hymn of which we have so often sung, "The Church is the 42nd of the Scotch Paraphrase" was inserted in the Hymn Book in use at the Church at Canons by his particular request. Here it is—a simple expression of his feelings as a man as well as the Christian statesman may sing:—

"Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts be troubled or vexed,
But trust in Providence divine,
And trust my gracious aid."

I to my Father's house return,
There numbers I shall find,
And glory mingle with
Through all the happy land."

SIR R. NAPIER.

M. LOUIS BLANC, recently writing in the *Temps*, on the Abyssinian expedition, says:—"There is but one opinion as to the ability shown by Sir Robert Napier—on his consummate prudence, his cool, judicious delay, and the rapidity of his movements, when, all his measures being taken, he strikes the blow, and the blow is blown." I have had occasion to make the acquaintance of Sir Robert Napier, to converse with him, and to observe him closely. The idea of his giving you of him is that of calm power. The man is a man who has struck me in his person was the gentle expression of his features, the gentleness of his manners, and the softness of his voice. I remember once hearing him say that he had always an aversion to sporting, from a repugnance to killing poor defenceless animals. I know nothing more admirable than the love of humanity in an energetic man, and Sir Robert is a man, and a man, and Sir Robert is an instance of it. Most assuredly he is not the person who would ever have allowed these words to escape him:—"It is a little matter, and I will not do it." What was particularly and most justly remarked in his conduct of the Abyssinian expedition, was his carefulness of the lives of the soldiers entrusted to him, and his reluctance to send them into battle, and his foresight, proved by this fact—that the army after the fall of Magdala had provisions for three months. But that prudence did not keep him from displaying singular vigour and the firmness of a man who is in circumstances where he differed in opinion from those around him, and where it was fortunate for England that his authority as Commander-in-chief could the superiority of his judgment to prevail.

THE PANTING HART.

"As the heart pants after the water brook, so pants my soul after the God of my life."—Psalm 42.

As in the days of the Royal Psalmist, so now, the deer, when heated in the chase, or panting under the summer sun, thirsts for the water brook, and performs ablutions with the regularity of the Musselman. When a deer takes water, he is said technically to "soil;" and the poet has indulged in the luxury of his high diction in saying "soiling pool." Frequently these pits are found in and near the deep waters, and are richer and better than water holes. No doubt, by kneeling in the shallow, a deer could himself more effectively than by the bath "pure and simple," and prevents the attack of the flies, his constant and unceasing tormentors during the heats of summer and autumn.

The invigorating effect of a plunge in the water upon a deer when pursued and fatigued, is almost incredible. I have frequently seen a stag, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and his nostrils opened wide, apparently scarce able to drag one leg after another, rise from the rippling pools of a fresh mountain stream, active and fresh, as if he had just left his race.—"The chase of the Wild Red Deer in Devon and Somerset," by C. P. Collyer.

THE SIXTH COMMENT.

Our hands may not be red with blood,
Yet we may murderers be;
For every careless, angry thought
Is murder, Lord, with Thee.

There's many a deed of murder done,
Whose blood has not been sent;
For angry thoughts and words are one
With deeds of crimson guilt.

Yes! in our hearts we often kill,
And think the deed unknown;
Forgetting that each secret thought
Is spoken at Thy throne.

Great God! we cannot fail
How such a thing can be;
We only feel how much of sin
Within us Thou must see.

Oh! let us Christ the living stream
We'll come without delay,
And in the fountain of His blood,
Wash all our guilt away.

THE UNKIND SON REBUKED.

THERE was once a man who had an only son, to whom he was very kind, and gave every thing that he had. When his son grew up and got a house he was very unkind to his poor father, whom he refused to support, and turned out of the house.

The old man said to his grandson, "Go fetch the covering from any bed, that I may stay by the wayside and beg."

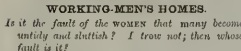
The child burst into tears, and ran for the covering. He met his father, to whom he said, "I am going to take the rug from my grandfather's bed, that he may wrap it round him and go to begging."

The man went for the rug, and brought it to his father, and said to him, "Please, father, cut it in two; the half of it will be large enough for grandfather, and perhaps you may want the other half, when you shall be a man and turn you out of doors."

The words of the child struck the man so forcibly, that he immediately ran to his father and told him what he had said, and was very kind to him till he died.

FUNERAL OF A BEE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Glasgow Herald transmits the following:—"On Sunday morning last I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of my friends. I was in the company of Fakir, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing with them the definite body of a comrade, with which they flew for a distance of twelve yards. We followed them closely, and noted the exact place to which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk—the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downwards, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they were busied in guarding it. Two little stones, doubtless 'in memoriam.' Their task being ended, they paused for about a moment, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a spray of dew, and then they flew away to their hive."



Is it the fault of the WOMEN that many become untidy and sluttish? I trow not; then whose fault is it?

Place a woman, naturally, tired, in a stage of this description, and let her be compelled by the force of circumstances to abide there, and what is the result? She loses all heart; the love of her children, the love of her home, the love of her life, is laid down in despair of ever being able to maintain decency in a place like that; she knows not how to set about the hopeless task of procuring food for her children, and heart, and mind, and strength, are all gone. She is the victim of a long, despondent, and sinking under, until at length her head gradually sinks under water, and the woman who at the outset of life was healthy, cheerful, and full of life, is now a wretched, feeble, and moribund creature, and the cause of the misfortune is in the labourer's dwelling every thing depends upon it. If she lost the energy necessary to keep all things right, every thing will go wrong. If she loses her mind, her health, her disorder, the children will be neglected, the clothing will become dirty and ragged, — the husband will get out of temper; perhaps he will come to pain; mutual recriminations will follow, and the children will be neglected, and the mother dwelling here seeks at the public-house, where she becomes intemperate and vice. In this way wives unnumbered have been crushed, paralysed, and made miserable, and women, who were once healthy, cheerful, and full of life, are now wretched, feeble, and moribund, and the cause of the misfortune has become victim to the debasing influence of a wretched, unhealthy, and filthy dwelling. It is probable that few things have so primarily contributed near to degrade the class of women as the labourer's dwelling, and that the large and rapid increase of such habitations

But it is for workmen generally this paper is intended. With many the remedy for the evil referred to is in their own hands. It is the wish of the writer that every British workman should, as far as possible, be his own landlord, should dwell in his own freehold, should have it built and arranged with a view to health and comfort, and so that he may occupy that respectable position in society, which, with industry and good management, is now within the reach of the majority of artisans. Many, however, fatally throw themselves back in life by beginning at the wrong end. They marry thoughtlessly and prematurely, before they have made any provision for the future. *This is the exception*

Let the young man who thinks of marriage take warning by the sad example of the multitude who have thus been made miserable for life. Let him feel that he is not to be a man who counts the cost, but who makes the necessary preparation. If the object of your attentions be worthy of your preference and regard, then she is desirous to be a wife to you, and she will be true to her, and if your affection be of the right kind, the very love you feel will cause you to put restraint upon your wishes until you can obtain the consent of her friends, and be enabled to give her that comfortable and furnished, cozy home which she will desire. Do not think of the possibility of displaying her wife-like properties to advantage, and inspire an ambition to render your habitation all that *home* ought to be. Be content to be a man who can give to the woman which she will feel and value, and this concernment for her welfare will induce a reciprocal concernment to render you comfortable and happy. Industry and economy, combined with a prudent and judicious management of your affairs, will enable you to enter upon the marriage state in a manner calculated to render your future days respectable and prosperous, and you will be preserved from the many evils which beset the unwary and imprudent. It may not be in the power of every working man to obtain a house of his own before marriage, but he may be enabled to secure a regular state of weekly saving and appreciation for that purpose; and unless some unforeseen calamity occurs, a few years of economy and right management will enable him to obtain a comfortable

KIND WORDS.

THEY never blister the tongue nor lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature and good-will. Soft words

Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words **2** on days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image in men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. The soothing, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. The shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

PASCAL

IN one of his touching addresses, in Exeter Hall

[illegible]

WHAT is it that makes a man? Can you tell? We can tell you what does not. Good clothes do not; money does not; a handsome face does not; learning does not. You must have something else to make a man of. We have seen a very good description of a man which reads thus:

"A beautiful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace,
That truly speaks of God within,
And ever makes a league with sin."

This is the kind of man worth something in the world. We want a great many more such men than we now have. Will you not strive to be such men?

NEWLY PUBLISHED. Bible Jewels, with Illustrations. By Rev. Dr. Newton, author of "Giants and how to fight them." Price 1s. 6d. This book will, we believe, prove a treasure in many families. It is one of the best yet issued from the pen of one of the best American writers. To Sunday School teachers it will be invaluable.

66 THE Gio-shop. With 12 Illustrations by George Cruikshank. May be had either as a Broadsheet, or in a Tract form. One penny each. The Broadsheet will be found an attractive paper for the walls of work-

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W. BASTING & Co. No. 9, Paternoster Row London, E.C.



HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 2, Abchurch Lane.

HON. C. F. ADAMS.

His excellency, the Honourable Charles Francis Adams, has just retired from the post of American Minister to Great Britain, which has been held by him uninterruptedly since 1861.

With civil war of unparalleled magnitude and importance raging in his own country, and amidst unusual misunderstandings, excitements, monetary and political crises in ours, both countries have found in Mr. Adams a Minister with mental and moral resources equal to every emergency. His grandfather, John Adams, the first United States Minister to this country, performed his duties here with great dignity and fidelity; and his illustrious father, John Quincy Adams, ever memorable as the powerful and unflinching advocate of the abolition of slavery, was also Minister here between 1815 and 1817; and both became eminent Presidents of the United States.

It is not too much to say that, under God, the Honourable Charles Francis Adams (a worthy descendant of such illustrious ancestors), has, by his great prudence, unswerving patience, and dignified courtesy, earned for himself the blessing of "the peacemaker" between the two countries, and through them, to the whole civilized world; with results rarely accorded to an individual statesman, philanthropist, or Christian.

Whilst deeply regretting the departure of this esteemed American Ambassador from our shores, we indulge the ardent hope that his future influential career in his own great country will largely tend to cement still more firmly, the two great nations, in the bonds of peace and brotherhood.

THE WISE MAN.

The wise man governs himself by the reason of his case, and because what he does is best, in a moral and prudent, not a sinister, sense.

He proposes just ends, and employs the fairest and most probable means and methods to attain them. — *William Pate.*

A NOBLE GIFT.

The Drinking Fountain represented by the accompanying engraving has been erected in Hyde Park by the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association, at the cost of his Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, a prince who has long been renowned in his own land for deeds of benevolence. It was opened on the 30th of last April by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in the presence of a most distinguished company who had assembled to do honour to the munificence of the kind-hearted stranger. There are, perhaps, not many persons who are in a position to follow the Rajah's noble example by the erection of such costly and elegant structures as this; but can we not do something towards supplying water for thirsty men and animals in the streets of our Metro-

polis? The Association have now erected 117 Fountains and 99 Troughs, but the committee are entirely dependent upon *new* contributions for power to extend their benevolent operations. We hope that many of our readers will endeavour to help this good cause. Contributions should be addressed to John Lee, Esq., Metropolitan Drinking Fountains' Association, No. 1, Shorter's Court, Throgmorton Street, London, &c.

WILLIAM WOOD.

THE POOR LITTLE CLIMBING BOYS' FRIEND.

This aged and much-beloved Christian philanthropist ended his earthly pilgrimage on the 5th of March last, aged 85 years. His untiring efforts on behalf of the down-trodden little climbing boys have rendered the name of "William Wood" worthy of lasting remembrance. For thirty years the good man laboured to induce the master-sweeps to abandon the barbarous use of climbing boys, and in lieu of them to use the "machine" for cleaning chimneys. Chiefly through the efforts of Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley), Robert Stoven, Esq., of the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Office, and Mr. Wood, Acts of Parliament were obtained to suppress the employment of climbing boys. But great hostility, however, was generally evinced by various classes to these humane Acts of Parliament.

Now commenced Mr. Wood's most arduous labours on behalf of his young clients. For ten years and more they were incessant and often painful, not only from the hindrance he met with from magistrates, but from the fearful insight he obtained into the

moral and physical debasement caused by the system. The boys were universally brought up in the greatest ignorance, frequently cruelly treated, subject to diseases peculiar to their calling, and were occasionally suffocated or burnt to death.

After years of unwearied toil and perseverance, Mr. Wood obtained considerable influence among the master-sweeps. They at length came to appreciate his benevolent motives, and gratefully recognised his efforts to do them good. Under his kindly assistance they formed societies for mutual improvement. Well does the writer recollect being present in a room full of these men who now styled



THE LATE WILLIAM WOOD, THE CLIMBING BOYS' FRIEND.

From a photograph by Messrs. Mitchell.

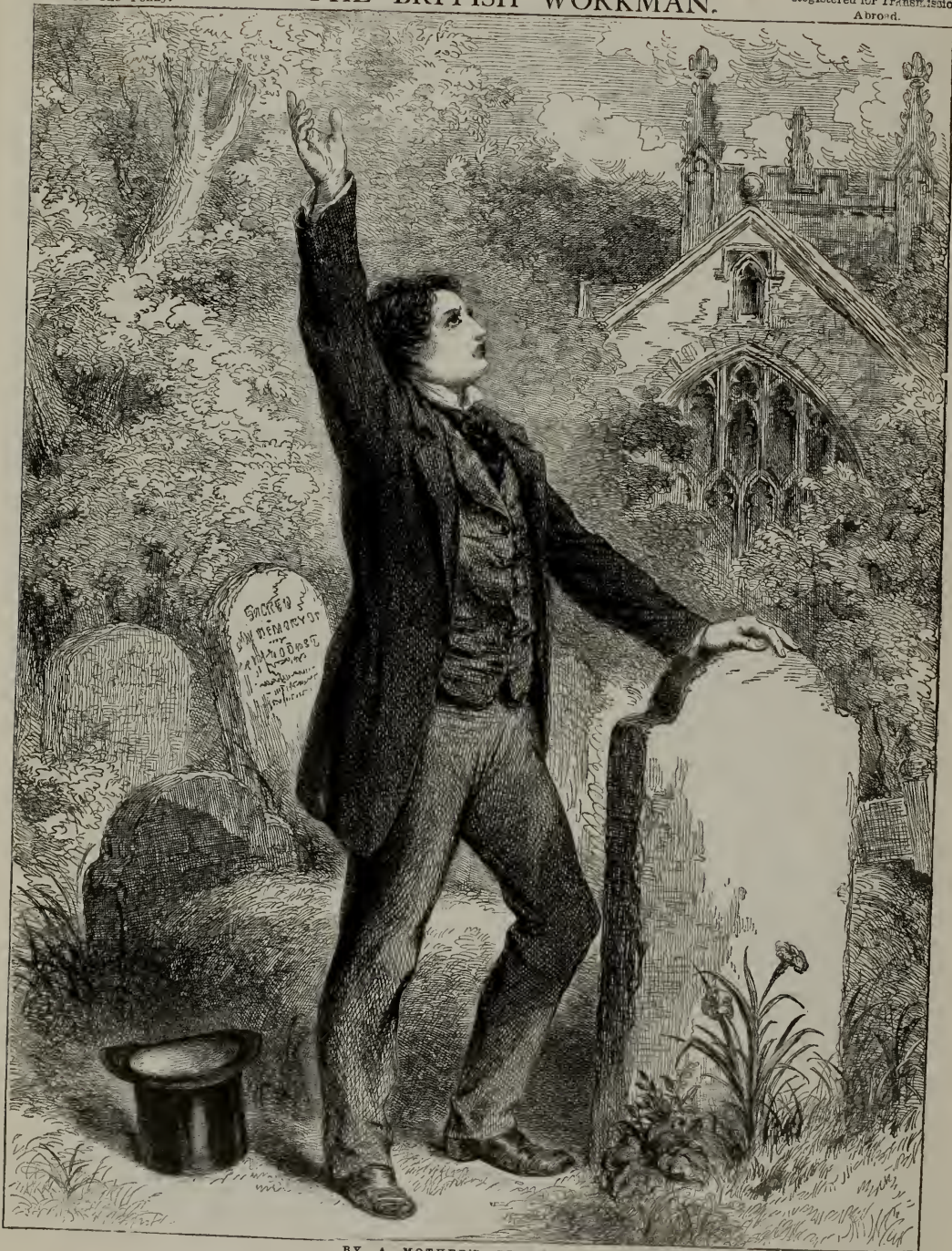
themselves "Reformed Chimney Sweepers." They were assembled to take possession of a larger room, where they might more conveniently learn to read and write, and having already commenced the business of the evening with prayer, one of them proposed that before anything further was done they should have special prayer on behalf of their old and much loved friend Mr. Wood, who was laid aside by sickness.

This was done in a very feeling manner by a master-sweep. Many of the men acknowledged him as the instrument in God's hands of their conversion. Six sweeps, from five different towns performed the last offices of respect to his memory, which they did, with many tears, as they gazed upon his remains, and then carried them to their resting-places in the Bowdon Churchyard.

Upon whom will Mr. Wood's mantle fall? The cause of the defenceless, down-trodden climbing boy must not be deserted. Alas! many a poor child is still so employed, — despite the law. In the very week that Mr. Wood died, a man named Martin, was convicted at Maidstone, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, for causing, by cruel ill-treatment, the death of "Little George," a boy whom he employed to climb up chimneys!



Drinking Fountain in Hyde Park, the Gift of his Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram.



BY A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

SOLDIERS AND THEIR DOGS

The pages of ancient and modern history abound with instances of the attachment existing between soldiers and their dogs. These faithful animals have accompanied their masters through weary marches, have endured the fatigues of campaign life, and have even gone into battle with them.

Plutarch, in his "Lives," relates that King Pyrrhus, in one of his journeys during the civil wars, observed a dog watching over the dead body of its master, who had been slain. Hearing that the dog had been there three days, without food or drink, he ordered the body to be buried, and the dog taken care of and brought to him. Soon afterwards there was a muster of the soldiers, and in performing their evolutions, each man had to pass before the king. The dog lay quiet for some time, but when the assassin of his late master passed by, he flew upon them with great fury, barking, and tearing their garments, and frequently turning about to the king. The conduct of the dog excited the suspicion of

which was taken from the grave of its master, a French officer, who was slain at the battle of Salamis, and was buried on the spot. The dog had remained by the grave until he had nearly perished of hunger, and even then he was only removed with much difficulty.

There is another story of a poodle, equally authentic with the foregoing. It accompanied its master, also a French officer, to the wars. The officer was killed at the battle of Castella, in Valencia, when his comrades endeavoured to carry the dog with them in their retreat; but the faithful animal would not desert the body of his master, and consequently was left behind. A Spanish soldier, seeing the cross of the Legion of Honour on the dead officer's breast, attempted to steal it away, but the poodle instantly seized him by the throat, and would have choked him had not a comrade in crime come to his rescue.

During the wars of St. Bartholomew, an officer named St. Leger, who was imprisoned in the castle of Vincennes, about four miles distant from Paris,

regaining his freedom, St. Leger died. The greyhound would no longer remain in the house; but on the day after the funeral, returned to the prison of Vincennes, attracted there by a sense or motive of gratitude. A jailer of the outer court had always shown great kindness to the dog. Contrary to the general harshness and rude manners of people of that class, he had been so struck by her attachment and beauty, that he facilitated her interviews with her master, and also insured her a safe retreat. As if out of kindness for these services, the greyhound took up her abode with the kind-hearted jailer. The affectionate animal never forgot its former master. She used frequently to repair to the tower where he had been imprisoned, and would sit gazing for hours at the barred and gloomy window from which her master had so often smiled down upon her, and where they had so often breakfasted together.

After the decisive charge at Waterloo, as the Duke of Wellington, accompanied by his staff was riding over the battle-field, where rider

until the stroke of a cannon ball lamed him for life. As the troops entered Madrid he limped at the head of his battalion, gallantly decorated with flowers and crowned with laurel, the emblem of victory. The battalion had appointed Palomo an honorary corporal, and on his breast he wore the insignia of his rank.

Bob, the dog of the Fusiliers, distinguished himself greatly during the Crimean war. At the charge of Alma he galloped up to the height, occasionally turning aside to chase the spent shot as they rolled down the hill. Throughout the fierce struggle at Inkermann he stood by his regiment, and, when the fight was over, he visited his wounded companions. Poor Bob fell a victim to his identity. In the return to Balaklava he was fatally injured by the wheel of an artillery carriage. General Doyle wrote and published some verses to his memory.

Our engraving illustrates an episode in the Crimean war. On the night of the 1st of May, 1855, the French attacked and took the counter



THE FAITHFUL FRIEND. ENGRAVED, BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. GUTHRIE AND CO., FROM THE PAINTING BY JANET LANGE.

king and of all who stood beside him. The men were apprehended, and though the evidence against them was very slight, they confessed the crime, and were punished accordingly.

At the battle of Aughrim an Irish officer was accompanied by his well-bred. This gentleman was killed, and his body was stripped on the field of battle, but the dog remained day and night by the side of his dead master. During the night he used to go to the adjacent villages for food. This he did from the 12th of July, the day on which the battle was fought, until the snows of January lay deep on the brow of Kilconnell hill; when a soldier being quartered near, and happening to go that way, the dog, fearing he came to disturb his master's bones, flew upon the soldier, who, surprised at the sudden attack which had thrown him on his back, unstrung his carbine, and unhappily shot the loving and faithful animal.

The Marquis of Worcester, afterwards Duke of Beaufort, who served throughout the Peninsular war, brought home to England a poodle

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approaches of the enemy in front of Sebastopol. Three battalions of Voltigeurs of the Garde were successively engaged, and the struggle lasted till daybreak. In the morning, two other battalions of Voltigeurs were called to the battle-ground, some to fight, and some to carry off the killed and wounded. Far from the other dead they found the body of a private who had faced his way, single-handed, through the Russian ranks. By his side crouched his guardian dog that rose on their approach, and whined pitifully, as if imploring assistance for its master, who was far beyond all earthly aid.

Many more anecdotes of soldiers and their dogs might be related; but the foregoing sufficiently show the strong attachment of the dog for its master, and should impress upon us all the duty of faithfulness in every station of life; faithfulness to our fellow-creatures, and to our Creator, who holds out to all the promised reward,—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

H. P. S.



BOB, THE CABIN BOY.

BOB, THE CABIN BOY.

As fast a craft was the Nancy,
As ever the wild waves bore;
And a goodly sight were her sails of white,
As she swept the winds before.

And as gallant a crew she had on board
As ever sailed the sea;
But the Captain of the Nancy,
Oh, a goddess man was he.

An angry frown was on his brow,
An oath on his bearded lip;
And he was loved by never a one
Of all who sailed that ship.

And, let the wind blow high or low,
The night be foul or clear;
The voice of the wicked Captain
Was never raised in prayer.

Not long had the Niece been to sea,
When the Captain, he fell ill;
God laid His hand on the sinful man,
And the wicked tongue was still.

The fever burned on his aching brow,
And gazed at his heart with;
Yet never a prayer to his God above
Did he pray—that man of sin.

But he groined aloud in his agony,
And he moaned his guilty breast,
And he wearily tossed from side to side,
But he found no calm nor rest.

In his hammock below, a wreck he lay,
Had him for a week or more;
And never a man of the Nancy's crew
Had entered his cabin door.

Not a man had stooped with a kindly word,
To pillow his aching head;
Not a man had murmured his feverish lips,
Or brought him a crumb of bread.

But God looked down from His home on high—
Looked down on the dying man,
He had bided His time and chosen His hour
To work out His own wise plan.

Yet He sent no voice from the yawning deep,
No angel-form from above;
The minutest of all who sailed that ship
He chose for His work of love.

'Twas watch below on a Sunday night,
And the winds were whispering soft
Along the face of the mighty deep,
And up in the shrouds aloft.

When a soft step passed at the cabin-door,
Where the wicked Captain lay;
And "Are you better, my master dear?"
A gentle voice did say.

The Captain he raised his weary head,
And he glared with blood-shot eyes,
But his heart was hard; oh, his heart was hard,
For a curse was his reply.

But again, at the dawning of the day,
Came that step to the cabin-door;
And "Are you better, my master dear?"
Said the gentle voice once more.

Now the Captain, of all who sailed that ship,
Was the wickedest man by far,
For he had spent the prime of his youth
On board of a man-of-war.

But the gentle voice of his cabin-boy
It knocked at his stubborn heart,
And it bade the master listen to reason,
And the briny tear to start.

And it trickled down his swarthy cheek—
Down his cheek, so brown and tanned,
And he groined as he looked in the boy's blue
eyes.

And had his face in his hand.
"Oh, Bob, my lad, I am very bad,
Thy ill as I well can be."

No sleep last night for the strange, strange
thoughts,
And the moaning of the sea.

"No rest, no rest, for the winds and waves,
Fark! how they cry and sob!
I am lost, I am lost, help for me,
No hope for your Captain, Bob."

"The Lord is kind," replied the boy,
"He knows what poor sailors are;
And He'll hear you, master, though high His
honor,
Above sin, moon, or star."

And with many a tender word he strove,
While the Captain bided in pain;
To comfort the heart of the dying man,
Ere he hurried to deck again.

One morning, the Captain said in haste,
While the tear glistened on his eye,
"I've been thinking all night of the Bible, Bob,
I want you to find one—try."

"Go forward and look in some chest, my lad,
I've no use your looking here,
I have had one in my cabin, alas!
This many a long, long year."

"For God's sake find me a Bible, do;
Go forward and look, my boy;
Soon the Captain bided the lad return—
Behold him with tears of joy."

"Ah, that will do," he said, with a smile,
When he saw Bob's cheerful look;
"Now sit on my chest and read to me
From out of that blessed book."

"Pick out some place about sinners, Bob;
Some bit that will suit me now,
And I soon shall know whether such as I
Can be saved, my lad, and how."

With the eager ear of a dying man,
He listened to every word,
As, with fearful eyes, and tremulous voice,
Bob read of our blessed Lord.

Next morning, the Captain said, with a sigh,
"Oh! Bob, I shall never get whole;
You'll soon have to cast me overboard,
But what will become of my soul?"

"Oh! what will become of my soul, dear lad!
God sees, and He can't forget;
I am lost! I am lost! No, master, no,
I think you'll be saved yet!"

"Oh, Captain, remember the many fine things
I read to you yesterday."
The Captain, he groined, but he asked, ere long,
"My good lad, can you pray?"

"No, master, I never have prayed in my life,
Save the one prayer taught to me,
Which I said at a night, when, a little lad,
I knelt at my mother's knee."

"Oh! I pray for me, Bob, for your Captain, Bob,
Go down on your knees now,
And cry to the Lord for mercy, Bob,
For my soul is ill at ease."

Then Bob knelt down at his master's side,
And folded his hands in prayer,
And sore he besought the Lord to take
The dying man in His care.

Still weaker and weaker the Captain grew,
Yet none heard him complain;
His hope was in God and His Holy Word—
Bob prayed with him off again.

For Bob had a true and a tender heart,
And tended him day and night;
And the Captain scarce could let him to be
A moment out of his sight.

One morn he said, while he took Bob's hand,
"What a glorious night I've had!
When I went to rest my mind was full
Of what you had read me, lad."

"I lay some time in a sort of doze,
Still thinking of what you'd read,
When all of a sudden I thought I saw
A shadow below my bed."

"I thought I saw in the corner there,
As plain as I could see,
Christ hanging upon the cross; yes, Bob,
With the thorns around His brow."

"I arose and crawled to the place, so faint,
I could hear my poor heart beat;
'Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!'
I cried, and I felt at His feet."

"At length, I thought that He looked on me,
On your wicked Captain—yes;
And, oh, such a look it was, my lad,
I'll think of it till I die."

"The blood rushed back on my heart and brain,
And my soul was thrilled the while,
As, waiting in awe to hear Him speak,
My child, I saw His smile!"

"I saw Him smile, and I heard Him say,
'Yes, I heard Him say to me,
'Be of good cheer—thy sins are great,
But all are forgiven thee.'"

"What joy, what joy did my heart feel then,
No word could say the anguish by;
And I gazed on His face, and I saw Him smile
As He passed from my sight away."

"I'm now not afraid to die; so, Bob,
My sin are forgiven, I am free;
I want to move this side of the grave;
I am ready, my boy, to go."

"Don't cry for me—I'll be happy soon;
God bless you, my dear, dear brother,
And keep you from all the crimes that were mine,
And send you eternal joy."

"Tell my crew to forgive me, as I forgive;
I'll pray for all—don't weep;
God will bless you, I know, and read me a verse,
Ere I try to fall asleep."

Next morning, at break of day, Bob rose,
And came to his master's door;
The Captain had risen, and all alone
He knelt on the cabin floor.

His hands were clasped, and his head was bowed,
And he seemed as if in prayer;
Bob paused, lest the sound of his step should fall
On the solemn silence there.

But a strange fear crept around his heart,
"Oh, master!" at length he cried,
"Oh! Captain, oh, master dear, speak, speak!"
But his voice to his replied.

He laid his hand on the Captain's arm,
And laid it upon his head;
And tenderly called him by name again,
But the Captain, he was dead.

With a prayer on his lip, a prayer to God,
His spirit had passed away;
Let us hope, to dwell with the Saviour dear,
In realms of eternal day. N. B.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

MARTIN FROBIHER, although holding the humble position of skipper of a coasting schooner, had been descended from Sir Martin Frobiher, the gallant sailor of the days of Queen Elizabeth, who was the first Englishman to attempt to discover a north-west passage to China; who accompanied Drake on his West Indian expedition; and, for his gallant conduct in the capture of the *Armadilla*, received the honour of knighthood. Skipper Martin, in virtue of his real or supposed descent, claimed among other privileges of the nobility of the time, that of appointing his own officers as he pleased, and of deciding between right and wrong. In one of these encounters he was slain. His death broke the heart of his wife. She never recovered the shock, she called her only child, Charles, to her bedside, and with dying lips beseought him never to resort to the duel for the settlement of any wrong or insult. Her request was unnecessary, for the young man had long ago made a firm resolve never to do so.

Through influence with the secretary of the Admiralty, Martin, a few years previous to his death, had got his son entered as midshipman on board the "Sisy" sloop of war, where he so conducted himself, that he obtained a lieutenancy. The conclusion of the war with France left him without other ship or pay.

His good conduct as an officer, and skill as a seaman, soon procured for him the appointment of first-mate of the barque "Mendip," trading between London and the West Indies. During his first voyage, on her return, the captain, indulged to such a fearful extent in strong drink, that Frobiher took command of the ship, and, disdaining to be the slave, through the influence of his captain, brought her safely to the shore, and, for so doing, was appointed commander by the owners. When the *Mendip* was fitting out for its next run, Frobiher went down to the life of Wight to visit his parents, and while there his father came to his untimely end.

When the *Mendip* was ready for sea, he took farewell of the groaning invalid, that marked the resting-place of his parents, in the churchyard of St. Lawrence.

The *Mendip* was lying off Gravesend, waiting for the arrival from London of the principal passenger, an attaché of the British Embassy at the Portuguese Court.

Among the cargo, were several barrels of gunpowder.

While the ship waited for this passenger, some of the cabin passengers, among whom were four military officers, went on shore, and remained there till the hour of sailing was announced, which was done by the captain in person. He entered the Falcon Hotel, and found the four officers engaged in drinking and gambling. One of them, Lieutenant Brown, by his intemperance and losses, and the wine he had swallowed, called upon Frobiher, in a bullying tone, to drink,

"Drink, my boy, till your brains are on a blaze like mine!"

"I have not come to drink; a blaring brain is not for one like me, upon whom depends, under God's providence, the lives of so many. I have come to tell you that in an hour we shall weigh anchor."

"Not drink!" shrieked the wine-maddened man, "if you will not swallow the liquor, you shall take it somehow;" and he flung the wine-filled glass at Frobiher, when it happily missed.

"A challenge! a challenge!" shouted the companions of Brown. "Surely, Captain Frobiher will not tamely suffer such an insult!"

"Nothing shall provoke me to fight Lieutenant Brown," replied Frobiher, "I pity, and I pardon him."

The officers laughed loudly and scornfully.

"In an hour, gentlemen, we sail," said Frobiher, and withdrew.

The "Mendip" was clearing her way down the channel. It was the hour of dinner, and Frobiher, in his capacity of captain, presided. The gambling officers and their wives, by many insinuations, implied that "somebody" was a coward and poltroon. After dinner was ended, and while the passengers walked the quarter-deck, while the Captain sat on the mainmast, Lieutenant Brown and the *attaché*, with a mock courtesy, created by drink, spoke loud sneering words against Frobiher, to his face, and turned laughingly to the others for their approval. In an instant, the strong arm of Frobiher laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of Brown, "Has'tee, Lieutenant Brown, I am captain of this ship, and I can permit any longer in trying to speak by authority, I shall place you in irons till we reach Lisbon." The insolence was never repeated.

The "Mendip" was in the Bay of Biscay. A storm had been raging for three days, during which, the bravery of the captain was extolled by every one on board, except Lieutenant Brown and the *attaché*. The ship's boats were swept away, all but two, and these would barely contain the passengers and crew, should it be required to change to the others for their approval. In an instant, the strong arm of Frobiher laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of Brown, "Has'tee, Lieutenant Brown, I am captain of this ship, and I can permit any longer in trying to speak by authority, I shall place you in irons till we reach Lisbon." The insolence was never repeated.

"Lower the boats. Let the women and children go first; then every man according to his age."

"Ay! ay!" replied his bravemans. The wives of the officers, and the stowage passengers, and the children, were safely lowered into the boats.

"Now for as many as the boats have room to spare," shouted Frobiher.

The *attaché* sprang forward. "Back," said Frobiher, "years before position; Lieutenant Brown, it is your turn first."

"Heaven bless you!" cried Brown, bursting into tears. "We are friends at last!"

Frobiher shook him by the hand, exclaiming, "In the presence of death, why should we not be so? I have never quarrelled with you."

The boats were full, almost too full. A preliminary explosion announced the coming catastrophe. "Cast off, and pull for your lives," cried Frobiher, as he stood by the gangway.

"We must, and shall save you!" was the cry that came back from the dark water.

"Away! away!" was the reply. There came a low rumbling sound from the stern, and a clap like thunder, and the splintered spars and masts of the ship "Mendip" were floating on the waste of waters. The brave captain was no more.

The crews of the boats reached land in safety.

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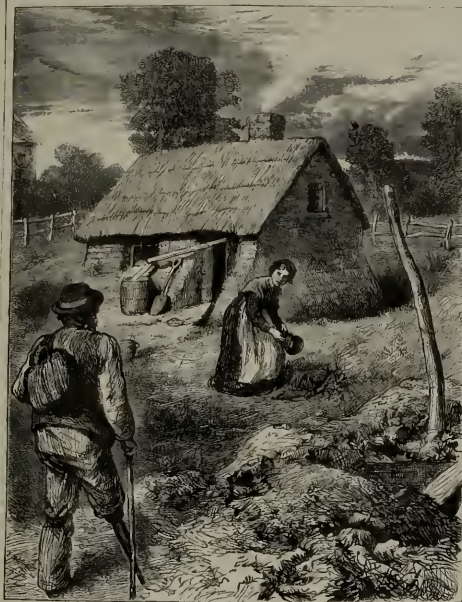
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THE IRONCLAD NAVY RETURNING TO HIS "REST-FREE" HOME.

labour in the construction, thatching not being one of the accomplishments of Mr. Joe Lock, the enterprising erector of the edifice. Two second-hand windows were picked-up, and fastened in the openings. A chimney was masoned with rough stones from the cutting and mud for mortar, the breastwork-piece being a fragment of a locomotive rail. A stout door was knocked together, of odd pieces of plank; a deep trench was dug round to keep all dry and comfortable within. A serviceable bedstead, and one or two other articles of furniture were made up by the same ready hand; the inside was white-washed to the spring of the roof, and curtained to hide the more private domestic arrangements. The dry earthen floor strewn with clean sawdust, and there you are! The pot boiling, and Mrs. Joe ready with the tidily-spread table, and the bread-warmer coming in with a hearty appetite, and one or two essential, as a man who pays rent and taxes, and himself and wife (they have no little ones) sitting by their hearth, much happier I dare say than many in a mansion mere luxuriously built and furnished! To be sure, Mrs. Joe wishes sometimes that the chimney were less smoky, but what would you have? There is no position without some inconvenience, and even Her Majesty herself has occasionally something to disturb her. In my sketch you have the wife drawing the water from the potatoes,

and looking up with a hearty welcome when she hears Joe's step. Yours truly, W. BARCLAY, M.A., *Chaplain to the Mission.*

* * * Are there not thousands of working-men in England, who might build their own homes, and raise children, if they would?

MONUMENT TO A FAITHFUL DOG.

THE memories that linger round the gray walls and battlements of the Tower of London are for the most part sad and melancholy. Tower Hill recalls scaffold and savage executions. But leave Tower Hill, and descend to the river by the eastern side of the Tower, and you will, at the edge of the "Pool," behold a monument, erected to the memory of a dog. It consists of a wooden tablet placed against the outer wall of the Tower, and on it is painted the following epitaph. We copy it verbatim:—

IN MEMORY OF EGYPT, A FAITHFUL DOG,
"BELONGING TO THE IRONWATH"
WATERMEN,
WHO WAS KILLED ON THE 4TH DAY OF AUGUST,
1841,
AGED 16 YEARS.

Here Lies Interred Beneath This Spot
A Faithful Dog Who should be forgot
Full Fifteen Years he Watched here with Care
Contented with hard-fod and harder Fare
Around the Tower he Daily Used to Roam
In search of Bits so Savoury or a Bone
A Military Pot he was and in the Dock
His Rounds he Always Went at 12 o'Clock
Supplied with Crab which held between his Jaws
The Roast's Plain he had no hands but Paws
He'd Trot over Tower Hill to a Favourite Shop
There Get his Mout and down his Money drop
To Club he went on each successive Night
Where Dressed in Jacket Gey he took his Pipe
With Spectacles on Nose he'd Pray his Tricks
And passed the Paper next the Police
Going his Truest Friends near Traitor's Gate
Infam'd almost Blind he met his Fate
By ruthless Kick which buried him from the
Mortally Injured none Resigned his Breath
Thus left his friends who have Record his Story
Aks Your Egypt.

Thinking over a score of dog deaths, I made my way by the Tower to Irongate Stairs, and on reaching them was, as a matter of course, assailed by the cry of "Boat, sir, boat," and

* Poor "Egypt" would never have done this, except from a tale example!

a dozen of watermen and their helpers crowded round me. "Not to-day," I replied. "You have got a monument or tombstone somewhere about here, erected to the memory of a dog, and I have come to see it."

"What! old Egypt! this way, sir." And I was conducted by a little crowd to the memorial of a dog's affection and faithfulness. Watermen, as a general rule, are rather rough fellows, but to me, on the occasion I speak of, they were most civil and polite.

While I copied the epitaph into my note-book, they indulged in parenthetical remarks—"Egypt was a good one, he was." "Yes, Bill, he was a good one, he was uncommon." "Uncommon! why Egypt could do everything but speak, and I dare say he could have done that if he had had proper schooling."

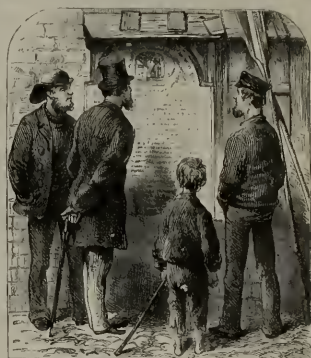
"Right you are, Bill." The epitaph having been transcribed, I made some inquiries about the dog, whose memory the watermen of Irongate Stairs delighted, and still delight, to honour. This was the result:—

Egypt was a retriever, but not a nice-looking dog. He was uncommonly shy of strangers, and very suspicious of them. Through the greater part of the day he sat on the pier-steps, and watched the ships and boats, and the ebb and flow of the tide. He was a self-elected member of the Royal Humane Society. On several occasions he plunged into the river, and brought drowning persons to shore. At night, and all through the night, he was most useful to the watermen. The Newcastle sloops and schooners, before the days of the steam colliers, lay off Irongate Stairs. Their crews were a wild and lawless lot. They commonly remained on shore till all hours of the night and morning; and came to the Stairs, far gone in intoxication, to be conveyed to their several vessels. Two of the watermen were detailed for this work, and when they left their little lodge, to row a party to their vessel, "Egypt" roused himself, kept faithful watch over the cars and furniture of the place.

"Egypt was well-cared for. He breakfasted and dined with the watermen, who, even out of

their precarious living, would not grudge him a share. The night-duty men always brought to him his supper. As the epitaph tells, he had his daily walk, but he was never long absent from the dog-and-dog's-meat shop in Queen-street, Tower Hill, whither he went whenever he was treated to a penny, and, as I was most emphatically assured, "He never put that ere penny down till he saw the meat before his nose."

I made a second and a third visit to the Stairs, to try to add to the meagre information I had



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF POOR "EGYPT."

gathered concerning "Egypt." My friends, the watermen, received me with the same civility. "How are you getting on, sir, with the old dog? Doing off his history to rights, I hope?" For he was a good one, he was! The unwritten biography of "Egypt" seemed to be summed up in the brief phrase, "He was a good one!" I could gain no further information. "You see, sir," said an intelligent waterman, "we are, all of us, young men hereabouts now; those that could have told you more about him, are dead and gone; but he was a good one, that he was!"

I hope his memory is still doing good. I hope that the epitaph is fully teaching its lesson of faithfulness and affection. ABEL SUNSHINE.



TYNE DOCKS BRITISH SCHOOLS.

We heartily rejoice at the multiplication of good schools, yet so many hundreds are yearly erected that our limited space renders it needless, that as a rule, we should not insert Engravings of them. An exception to the rule, however, must be made in the case of the Tyne Docks British Schools, near South Shields, towards the erection of which the working-men, chiefly connected with the North Eastern Railway Company have voluntarily contributed the noble sum of £300! The earnestness of the working-men in desiring to secure for their children a good education,

enlisted the warm sympathy of Joseph Pease, Esq., of Darlington, and other friends of education, who liberally came forward with subscriptions to the amount of £700. The Shareholders of the Railway Company, handsomely contributed £602, the Government gave £588, and now these excellent and well-ventilated schools, designed by Mr. Frowse, Newcastle-on-Tyne, capable of accommodating 600 children, have been erected at a cost of £2,250, and opened free of debt! To working-men who have not got good schools near them, we would say, "Go and do likewise."

The hand of the
DILIGENT shall
bear rule: but the
slothful shall be
under tribute.

Proverbs xii. 24.



GETTING IN THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE; OR, "STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT."

THE INNER LIFE OF ROYALTY.

(Continued from page 179.)

Temperance and Economy.

GEORGE III.—The temperance of the king was proverbial. He rose at six o'clock. He took a slight breakfast at eight, and dined off a plain joint, usually mutton, at one. He retired early to rest, after passing the evening with his family, generally conversing with music, of which he was very fond, and in the knowledge of which he possessed considerable taste. Handel was his favourite author.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, afterwards William IV., when visiting Germany with his duchess in 1822, for the benefit of their health, pursued a course of temperance, when travelling, for its astuteness, and which is thus described by Dr. Beattie:—"During the eight days' journey to this country, his royal highness has not drunk more than beer. He breakfasted in the morning, at seven, upon tea, and a simple slice of dry toast. A slight luncheon, consisting of cold food and ham, veal, or giblet (the latter a favourite viand), was prepared, and put into a small basket in the carriage. One or more of these, with bread, formed the staple banquet of the day, and were resorted to at pleasure. At night, on arriving at the inn, his royal highness took tea, and then, after they had eaten, he retired. In proportion to this temperate course of living, is the Prince's regard to economy. No man can be more attentive and anxious to limit and reduce his expenditure, and much as his royal highness is conversant with his exalted station, than his royal highness. He looks over all the accounts himself, sums up, calculates, adjusts, and acquiesces every item."

Such narrative interest, however, is not presented on the same authority. "Unless, when engaged with important business, or with company, the Duke observes a uniform punctuality in the hours of retiring, and seldom gets up. Eleven o'clock is the hour at which he generally retires. At seven in the morning he is dressed. Breakfast occupies but a few moments, as he consists only of a cup of coffee, and some light letters, which he reads. The rest of the day is spent in study, or in the attendance of his family, and is finished. His royal highness afterwards walks until nine to dress for dinner. In diet he observes a strict regimen—plain roast, or boiled mutton for dinner. When the weather is cold, he sherry. He rarely eats roots or vegetables, nor even a potato. The only beverage in which he indulges, in innocent freedom, is *birdseye* brandy. He takes a glass of this brandy, after dinner, the Duke walks from two to three hours a day."

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.—"During a period of unparalleled private and public expenditure, when speculation had taken new vigour, when luxury was running a race with extravagance, and when the merchant princes had given rise to new habits of luxury and excess, the Royal Family set before the country a unique example of cheerful and dignified economy. Instead of coming before Parliament with a schedule of debts, asking allowances for the education of children, or expecting the nation to pay for the whim of a new palace, the Queen and Prince Albert did all this themselves, and much more. When there came a very fine autumn and pasture, and then war, they freely paid their share of public contributions. They discharged the debts and obligations of many royal promises, both to the public and to the country. They bought and built two palaces, which might almost be said to have been rendered necessary by the altered circumstances of the country. They saw more than a million of the poor, and they opened up a gallery of their own, they placed London at the head of national collections, and international exhibitions. Nor did they neglect the future of their family. They purchased for rich on an income which would have been deemed a penny by some royal standards. Domestic happiness, and the sense of duty, were their chief luxuries."—*The Times*.

In confirmation of the foregoing statement, we may refer again to the Queen's Journal, in which the inner life of the royal family, in their seasons of relaxation from public care and duties, and of their cheerful and domestic life, has been charmingly disclosed. "Nothing can be more delightful than to observe the innocent and rational nature of their pleasure, their simple and inexpensive recreation from the busy world, and the homely fare and accommodations of the Highlands, and their condescension and kindness to inferiors. Sometimes a single sentence will be found signed and full of meaning."

"Talk, talk." At breakfast I tasted the steamed

porridge, which I thought very good, and also some of the "Finnian huddles."

"Huddles?" "Gracious!—We arrived our little 'buddies' at five o'clock. There are two huddles, and to the one in which we live, a wooden addition has been made. I have a charming little dining-room, sitting-room, bed-room, and dressing-room, all *en suite*, and there is a little room where Caroline Dawson (the maid-of-honour) sleeps, one for her maid, and a little parlour. In the other house, which is only a few yards distant, and which is the very best generally, is a small room where the servants dine, and another which is a sort of store-room, and a loft above in which the men sleep. "The scenery is lovely here—so wild and grand, and so near Highland scenery. We had various scrambles in and out of the boat, and along the shore. I wish an artist could have been there to sketch the scene; it was so picturesque—the boat, the net, and the people in their little in the water, and on the shore. In going back, Albert rowed, and Macdonald steered."

"The Prince's escapade at Falmouth."—"Suddenly, when near the top of the path, we came upon Albert's little encampment. Albert was still absent, having gone out at six o'clock, but Lohlen and some of the gillies were there. The little house, I observed, was not all unoccupied (no seat) and a little stove, was not all unoccupied; but the wind was dreadfully high, and blew in. We waited a quarter-of-an-hour, and then Albert arrived. The night had been cold, and the wind was still strong. We lunched in the little 'house,' at the open door."

"Gracious!—Oh, on, we went, till at length we reached the shore, where the wind was still struggling 'town,' and turned down a small cove to the door of the inn. Here we got out quickly. We went up a small staircase, and were surprised to find the door of the inn. It was a small, but clean, with a four-post bedstead which nearly filled the room. Opposite was the drawing and dining-rooms, in one, very tidy and well furnished. Then came the room where Alfred resided, which was very comfortable. Made up the stairs, and tidy, and then sat down to dinner. Grant and Brown (two Highland attendants), were to have waited on us, but were behind, and did not come. The dinner was very fair, and all very clean—soup, 'hodge-podge,' mutton broth, with vegetables, which I did not much like, fowl, with white sauce, and a small cake, and what Albert called 'one or two other dishes which I did not taste, ending with a good tart of cranberries. After dinner, I tried to write part of this account (but the wind was so strong, and the rain was so heavy, that I played at 'patience.' Then went away to begin undressing, and it was half-past eleven when we got to bed."

"The following morning—"A misty morning, with rain. Had not slept very well, and got up rather early, and sat reading and working, in the drawing-room, till the breakfast was ready, for which we had to wait some little time. Good tea, and bread and butter, and some excellent porridge."

Zeal for National Progress and Prosperity.

THE PRINCE CONSORT.—It is but justice to his memory to say that all his conscient virtues—all his splendid opportunities, were devoted to the service of his country, and to the promotion of the extensive love of peace, of industry, of progress. Progress was indeed his constant theme and study. What the word *Duty* was to Alfred the Prince, the word *Country* was to the Prince Consort. No other word turned up so often in his speeches, no other idea was so constantly present to his mind. No sacrifice of time, thought, labour, money, or reputation, seemed too great, when he could make it the cause of the cause of national and individual progress. He willingly sat on a Fine Art Commission in Westminster, visited the Docks at Grimsby, presided at an Agricultural Demonstration at York, visited the National Gallery in Edinburgh, and of an alms-house at Woking, inaugurated a Servant's Provident Society, dined with the Merchant Tailors, and opened the Manchester Free Public Library, and he was in which few princes would have found delight. It was enough for the Prince Consort that the work was one of progress. In the name of progress he raised the Crystal Palace, and he was the name of progress he took to the hour of his death, his invaluable aid to those who were changed by his Majesty, and by the nation, with his great and noble mind, and his noble heart. Kensington. Every good cause might count on his voice, his hand, and his purse. When an Institution was formed for the benefit of D. W. King, the Crystal Palace, his patron requested the Prince to take the chair of public

meeting, stating that the domestic servants in London often suffer great privations in their old age; that they were making some efforts to help themselves; and that his presence and advocacy on the occasion would exert upon them a most important advantage. His reply was—"After what you have told me, I should be wanting in my duty if I did not take the chair," and he did take it, thus identifying himself with the interests of that useful and important part of the community. It was by genuine sympathy, and genuine interest, that the Prince Consort gained the empire which he held over the best minds, not only in this, but other countries, and secured for himself, as if by universal consent, the title of "Albert the Good."

P. W. W.

THE SWALLOWS.

Is the early part of the present season, a couple of swallows built their nest in the corner of the kitchen window of my dwelling-house, which has a pleasant exposure to the south. Every thing went well with them till the 17th of July, when, unfortunately, owing in all probability to the intense drought and heat, the nest got detached from the wall and fell with its living contents to the ground. The maid-servant was the first to detect the nest, and she immediately and unhesitatingly neither mentioned the matter, nor went to see what had become of the birds. About half-an-hour after the fall of the nest, I started when I went out, and an anxious and patient search led me, amidst some of the bushes and flowers in the plot below the window, which resulted in the recovery of three young swallows. They were found to be old enough to keep a little, but too young to attempt to use their wings. An old cage was borrowed from an obliging neighbour, and the bottom of it comfortably lined with the feathers of the fallen nest, and other soft and warm materials. An old newspaper was tied over the sides, top, and back of the cage, to afford shelter from the wind, and a piece of an old oil-cloth table-cover, tied over all to keep off the sun, and the cage thus made comfortable, was firmly fastened with straps to the wall, as near as possible to the spot where the nest had been, in the hope that the parent birds would find out their young and come to the rescue. But they were old and strong enough to fly away. The first night proved for an hour or two to be very windy and wet, and much concern was felt for the safety of the birds. But they were old and strong enough to weather the storm. The following morning they were all in life, and apparent health, and what was still more gratifying, the parent birds had at once, and cordially taken to the new nest, and were busily engaged in the family. There were no means of ingress for the parents, but they clung to the front of the cage and fed their young ones through the wire. After being kept in the nest for eight days, during which the parent birds were incessantly pressing their attention to their young, thus setting a lesson which it would be well if all human parents would follow in the treatment of their boys and girls, the birds were considered capable of flying, and opportunity was taken of the near presence of the birds, to lift the young ones out of the cage, one by one, and let them off into the air, where they took to flight, and were immediately joined by a perfect chorus of delighted and grateful twittering, by the parent birds, and many others that were circling round the spot. We were not a little surprised to find that the birds were all singular, but because the simplicity and complete success of the means adopted to assist the little swallows in the day of their distress, may induce others in similar circumstances, to go and do likewise."

Dulwich, August 8th, 1868.

"FREE AND INDEPENDENT VOTERS."

Hate flattery and bribery with you, who call me my fellow-men? I should like to give you here the words which one of the highest-minded teachers of our age addressed to a company of working men, who were invited to take part in the working man's solemn responsibility. Let us not be told that the injury done by a wrong vote is small; it is not so; that we measure the injury done by a wrong vote, by the number of a man's votes; equally, it is true it is but the millionth part of the injury which may arise from a bad law that is attributable to him; but respecting the injury which results, but the amount of injury which results, but the amount of distinction with which the conscience has the opportunity of distinguishing between right and wrong. That man is not worthy of a vote in this country who gives his vote to the tempter

tion of a bribe; neither is he worthy who gives a man to vote against his conscience. That man is not worthy of a vote who undermines another; nor is he worthy who suffers himself to be intimidated. That man is not worthy who votes who votes by a bad conscience; no man who votes solely from self or class interest."

These are words which many a voter needs to get by heart, and to act upon.

From "A True Briton." An admirable Tract issued by Messrs. Jarrold, which deserves a wide circulation at the present time.

THE CREATOR KNOWN BY HIS WORKS.

Is a musical instrument, when we observe a number of strings set to harmony, we conclude that some skillful musician has tuned them.

When we see thousands of men in a field, marshalled under their respective colours, all yielding exact obedience, we infer that there is a general to whose orders they are subject.

In a watch, when we observe springs, and wheels, great and small, each so fitted, as to concur to an orderly motion, we acknowledge the skill of an artist.

When we come into a printing-office and see a vast variety of different letters, so regulated and disposed as to make a book, are at once convinced that there is some composer, by whose art they were so well made such a form.

When we behold a fair building, we conclude it had an architect, and

When we see a stately ship, completely fitted for service, we conclude that there is a captain, and that he had builders and a pilot.

The visible world is such an instrument, army, watch, building, book, and ship; and as undeniably prove that God was and is the true artist, architect and pilot of it.

—*Brooksmith.*

THE DAY OF REST;

Or, Walter Waynflete and Will Blake.

SWEETLY rang the Sabbath bells from the grey bell-tower of a Sussex church, consecrated to the memory of God and King. The bells of the trailing Norman vessels had crunched the pebbles of the hills of England. Down through the High-street, little in hand, went Walter Waynflete, a stout, well-to-do man, with a coat of rest from worldly toil, and a soul overflowing with gratitude to Him who is the Lord of the Sabbath.

As he passed the door of "The Red Lion," whose signboard, gay with gold and crimson, flaunted gaudily in the quiet sunshine of the morning, Will Blake—"Berty Bill," as he used to be called, uttered from the door of the tavern into the street.

"Good morning, Master Walter," he exclaimed, peaking thickly, and with many a stammer and stutter. "Going to church like a good lad, as you always were?"

Now Walter and Will had been schoolmates, and played together on the green of the ancient town; and when boyhood expired into youth were not to be met in the long summer evenings, and the autumn twilight, wandering side by side along the reedy margin of the river, or the sandy beach of the sea.

They were now both married men, and into bad company. The conversation of Walter became too good, too calm, and peaceful for him—his moral as well as his physical appetite became depraved, and could only be appeased by loose and dissipated habits.

"Yes, Will, I go to church. Wherefore would you not thither also?"

"If my garments were like thine I would gladly go, but as I am, I cannot go thither."

"I fear me, Will, thou hast left thy Sunday-clothes in the top of the Red Lion, and much of the peace of mind which thou mightest have had, thou must not be both a tavern-goer and a church-goer. If thou wilt go to 'The Red Lion,' thou must not go to thy village church. Ah! Will, the ease of the loose life to poverty, misery and destruction; the door of the church is to sincere worshippers as the entrance-gate of heaven. The door of the first bell heard against thee whither thou ceasest."

Walter and Will were both men of good nature, and of good heart, and by the memory of those days I improve thee to do as I have said."

All the while Walter was saying this, the other was saying, and when Walter spoke, he was repeating, they ran down his cheeks in bright drops.



"I fear me, Will, thou hast left thy Sunday clothes in the top of the Red Lion."

When on the following Sabbath-day the bells in the grey tower called the townsfolk to prayer, Walter and Will walked side by side to the old church. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

A NAVY'S SHORT SPEECH

"OVERTURE," said a navy, just as a public meeting, for improving the houses of the poor, was closing, "allow me to say a word. The best day's work Parliament ever did for us working men, was to begin the Post-Office Savings' Banks. It was once hard work to keep a shilling in my pocket, but now, when I am working in any part of the country, I pay my money to the Post-Office, and when I come home I can draw it out just as I please. See here, gentlemen, here are some yellow boys I have drawn out for a Sunday suit for myself,

a gown for my wife, and boots for my barn. I never knew this pleasure until the Post-Office Savings' Banks were begun. And now as some Parliament gentlemen are here, let me say that the next best thing that you can do for us working men is to help us build our own cottages. Let a fellow only have a few bricks, or a few square yards of land of his own, and it's wonderful what a different fellow he is! He has a stake in the nation. Prince Albert was a good man for trying to get landlords to build model cottages for us working men, but it was a better thing still if we are encouraged to build or buy our own houses."

SOWING WILD OATS.

In all the wide range of accepted maxims there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than the one as to the sowing of wild oats. What a man—be he young, old, or middle-aged—sows, that, and nothing else, shall he reap. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burned to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long, tough roots like the rough grass, and hirsute stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you, and nobody else, will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you, if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again to your dying day.—*Dr. Arnold.*



"See here, gentlemen, here are some yellow boys"

ANOTHER VICTIM.

On Wednesday evening, the 10th of June last, the inhabitants of the retired but thriving parish of Kerry, in the midst of the beautiful scenery of Montgomeryshire, were thrown into a state of great excitement and consternation, by the intelligence that a man had been killed on the line which connects that parish with

the main line, near Newtown. The poor fellow, who thus met his death, was a foreman of a gang of plate-layers, employed on the line. He had left his work, in the afternoon, in order to earn some money, by sheep-shearing, of a farmer, whose land adjoined the railway. Here, according to a cruel custom, he was allowed to drink freely, and, fresh from his cups, he seems to have found his way back to the line, where, at a curve in the road, the engine-driver suddenly saw him lying across the rails. The breaks were instantly applied, and the engine was reversed, but it was impossible to stop the train, before it had passed the fatal spot, and left that body—which but a moment before was full of life—a mangled and senseless corpse! Oh, the curse of drink!

When will our agricultural labourers learn to regard that drink, of which they so freely partake, at this season of the year, as their greatest enemy, and not at all necessary either to their strength or comfort!—and when will our farmers endeavour to control, if they cannot altogether prevent, its use? How many thousands has it hurried, in a moment, unprepared, into the eternal world!

A SLANDERING tongue is called by the Jews a triple tongue because, as they say, it kills three persons, him what carries the slander, him what receives it, and him of whom it is related.

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AMONGST the most sincere and devoted friends of the working classes in this country, the names of Edward Smith, of Sheffield, and Samuel Bowly, of Gloucester, have, during the last thirty years, held a deservedly high position. Their united efforts to promote habits of temperance and frugality have produced the most gratifying results amongst all classes of society. Thousands of miles have they travelled in company, holding temperance and other meetings, where doors of usefulness opened; and their Christian and unsectarian spirit, gained them a welcome amongst both the humble and the

SWALLOWING FIFTEEN COWS!

Just as I was passing a crowd that had collected together to listen to a working man who was addressing them, the speaker said:—"I met a man only the other day, who had swallowed fifteen cows! You may think this strange," continued the speaker, "but I will tell you how it happened."



"He swallowed the whole fifteen!"

—When I first knew him he was very well to do in the world. He had a comfortable home, and a very good dairy, consisting of fifteen cows. But at length he took to drinking, until first one cow went, then another, and another, and another, until at last, by the drink, to procure which he sold the cows, he swallowed the whole fifteen, and he is now an inmate of an alms-house!"

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THE LATE EDWARD SMITH, ESQ., OF SHEFFIELD.



CANUTE REBUKING HIS COURTIER.



THE LAST CUSTOMER, A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

H.M.S. "BRISK."

The *New Zealand Herald*, of the 22nd of June last, gives a most interesting narrative of two very unusual meetings held in Auckland, this summer. The first was a *soirée* in Newton Hall, to which the members of the Auckland Temperance Society invited the men of H.M.S. "Brisk." The second was that held by the total abstinents of the man-of-war "Brisk," who visited the members of the Auckland Temperance Society in return. Nearly 500 guests sat down to tea, in the Parnell Hall. The chaplain of the "Brisk" presided at the interesting meeting held after the ample repast. The proceedings commenced by singing a hymn, after which the Rev. Mr. Edger engaged in prayer. Addresses were then delivered by the chairman and by various friends.

These meetings were held shortly before the "Brisk" left the New Zealand coast for England.

It appears that many of the men on board the "Brisk" have adopted Temperance principles, and by their general good conduct in Auckland, the crew gained for their ship "a good name." The *New Zealand Herald* states: "There were few of the seamen of the 'Brisk' whose faces were not familiar to the inhabitants, and their orderly conduct won for them very general esteem." Excellent!

The members of the Auckland Band of Hope Union were by no means less interested in the sailors, seeking to promote the welfare of "Jack," when ashore. The efforts of this Union were signally successful amongst the crew of the "Brisk." Sailors are very grateful for kindness, and the temperance men, on board the "Brisk," gave proof of this.

Just before the ship sailed, the twenty-two total abstinents (the number was increased to thirty before the ship left), went to Mr. Crombie's studio, in Queen Street, desiring him to take their photographs. These, remarkably well done, were formed into a shield, and surrounded by a beautiful and massive gilt frame. The centre portrait is that of the gunner; on

either side are the portraits of the schoolmaster and steward; the men and the marines surrounding them. Thus "Keepsake" the men left for Mr. Leroy, the President of the Auckland Band of Hope Union, as their thank-offering for his kindness shown to them during their visit. The letter, which accompanied the present, will be found on page 191. It is a most interesting document, and does credit to the men who penned it. We trust that the members of the "Brisk" Band of Hope will be happily preserved from the snare which will, also, too soon beset their steps when they land in Old England. May their good example soon spread to other crews!

"DON'T BE LAUGHED OUT OF YOUR MONEY OR YOUR PRAYERS."

This late Admiral Colpoys, who rose to that high station as the victor of his meritorious exertions, used to be fond of robbing, that on first leaving his humble lodging to join his ship, as a ship's captain, he handsomely presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying, "God bless you, and prosper you, my lad; and as long as you live, never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers." The young sailor carefully followed this advice through life, and had reason to rejoice that he did so; while thousands have unavailingly regretted that they have pursued a different course.

per you, my lad; and as long as you live, never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers." The young sailor carefully followed this advice through life, and had reason to rejoice that he did so; while thousands have unavailingly regretted that they have pursued a different course.

A BLIND SAILOR.

A few years ago, a meeting was held at Liverpool for the establishment of a society to supply sailors with Bibles. An active agent of the society was Mr. Biddle, who, having moved the first resolution, said, "There are as many sailors around him, he should not ask any one to second his motion, but leave it to some of the sailors." There was a dead silence for some moments; but a poor, old, blind sailor, at the far end of the place, rose, and in a hoarse voice, said, "Sir, there is not an individual present who has greater reason to second this resolution than the person who now addresses you. Before I had arrived at twenty years of age, I led the van in every species of vice and immorality. Our ship was ordered to the coast of Guinea; a violent storm came on, the vivid lightning dashed around, and I had it struck my eyes; from that time to the present I have not beheld the light of day; but, sir, though I was deprived of sight, I was not deprived of sin. I was very fond of having books read to me, but, alas, only bad books. At length a Scotchman came to my house, and said, 'I know you are fond of having books read, will you hear me read?' I said I had no objection; he read the book to me. I felt interested; and, at the end of his reading, I said, 'Tell me what book you have read?' 'Never mind,' said he, 'I will come again, and read more;' and he came again, and again, and again. At last tears gushed out from my blind eyes, and I earnestly exclaimed, 'Oh, sir, what book is this?' He said, 'This book is the Bible!' From that time, though blind, I see; I can now discern the way of salvation by a crucified Saviour: from that time to this I have been enabled to follow my Lord; and I second this resolution, knowing the advantages of circulating the sacred volume." Subsequently to this, the poor old man obtained a few shillings a week, which he divided, in various portions, to different religious societies; and gave sixpence a week to a little boy, to read to him the sacred Scriptures, and to lead him from house to house, to call on him, to promote the best interests of others.

DARE TO BE SINGULAR.

To be singular in anything that is *right, worthy, and excellent*, is not a disparagement, but a praise; every man should choose to be thus singular. To act otherwise, is just as if a man, upon great deliberation, should rather choose to be drowned than to be saved by a plank or a small boat, or to be carried into the harbour any other way, than in a great ship of many hundred tons.—*Tillotson*.



BAND OF HOPE, H.M.S. "BRISK."

(Engraved from a beautiful photograph by Mr. Gooden, Queen Street, Auckland, New Zealand.)

INFLUENCE OF A SINGLE SAILOR.

Before the mission to the islands of the South Sea had proved successful, an English seaman, on board a trading vessel, called at Otaheite, and, through the blessing of God upon the efforts of the missionaries, was there called to the knowledge of the truth. Afterwards he was removed to a man-of-war, and became the happy

instrument, by his example and conversation, of bringing thirteen of his companions to a sense of their lost state and their need of salvation by Jesus Christ.—*From Armin's Anecdotes*.

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